

Evolution and The Spanish-American War.

By Thomas I. Hudson, LL. D.

The Truce of Christ.

By George C. Lorimer.

February

THE PARISIAN FIRST NIGHT OF CYRANO DE BERGERAC.
THE CONFESSIONS OF SIR CUPID.
TEN CLEVER SHORT STORIES. ILLUSTRATED.

10c.

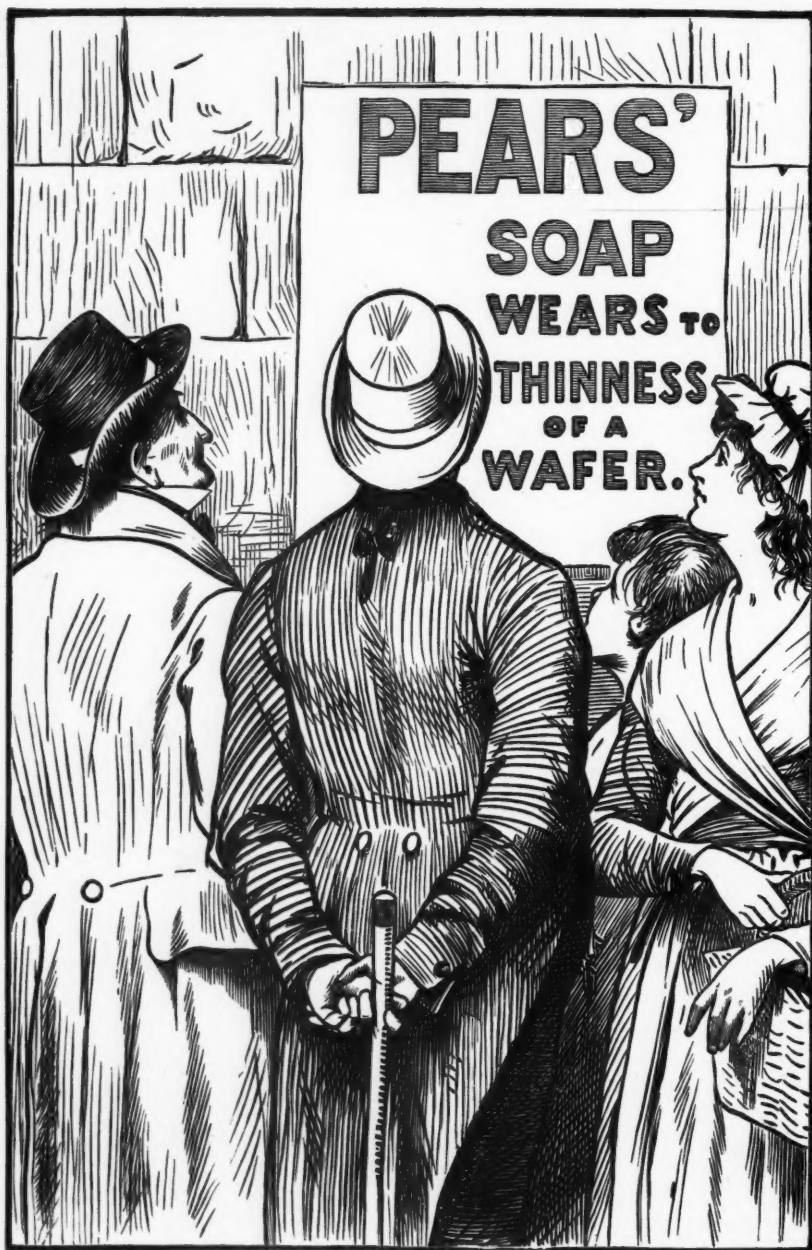
NATIONAL



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"STANDING BY THE PILLOW ON WHICH REPOSED THE CARE-WORN HEAD OF DREYFUS THE
CHRIST-CHILD GENTLY WHISPERED 'HOPE!'"

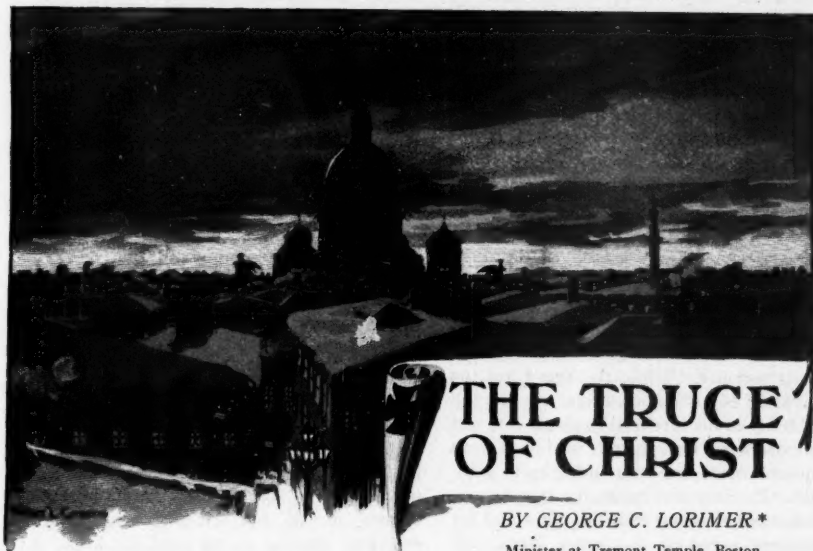
Drawn by W. H. Upham

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BY GEORGE C. LORIMER*

Minister at Tremont Temple, Boston



HE great city of St. Petersburg, with its wide and shabby streets, its prospects, oulitzs, and peroulaks, with its huge and disproportional palaces built of mean bricks and deco-

rated with rococo stucco, looked white and glistening beneath its ermine mantle of Christmas snow. Its towering cathedral domes—those of St. Alexander Nevskoi and of St. Isaacs—were almost entirely sheeted with the fleecy covering, though their gilded surface glinted through the virgin veil and sparkled in the rays of a drowsy sun. The Neva was frozen, and the granite quays were incrustated with obdurate ice, while from its shores to

the warehouses of Vassili Ostrof and throughout the enormous thoroughfares everything betokened the desolating reign of winter. But winter is the gayest season of the year in the capital of Russia. Then, with the coming of Christmas, fares, feasts and festivities begin. The river is converted into a highway and market-place, and the whole population with perfect safety resort to its broad and icy bosom. Booths are built, race-courses for sledges are constructed, and pedlars of every description are busy with their wares. Bells are perpetually tingling, now from unwheeled droskies, driven by shrivelled coachmen so wadded and furred that only a dirk could reach a sensitive spot, and then from the shafts and harness of splendid equipages handled by drivers arrayed in skins of noble forest animals; and, when the day of Christ's nativity has returned, all the tinkling and tintabulation of these

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tiny bells are drowned in the magnificent and melodious chimes that peal forth their glad anthems in honor of the child who came from heaven to earth that he might be the Prince of Peace.

The Christmas joy had once more revived. Its morning had dawned with a kind of pallid light, and multitudes of devout souls were tramping through the snows, anxious to worship the Tri-une God and to adore before the sacred icons, whose frames enriched with gold and jewels and surrounded with lustrous lamps impart an unparalleled degree of gorgeousness to the Russian sanctuary. At an early hour of the day in the famous Winter Palace, from whose gates Catherine II. came forth oak-crowned on horseback with a drawn sword in her hand, a young man rose from an easy chair and laid on a table the book he had been reading through the night. Although his eyes were a trifle heavy and his face a trifle flushed, there was upon his countenance a look of quiet dignity and of serious serenity. While the beard hid the expression of his mouth, there was enough of nobility in his forehead to single him out from ordinary men as one endowed with lofty sentiments and with authority to command. He moved through the sumptuously furnished chamber to the window and for a moment gazed on the frozen Neva, and contemplated with a smile of sweet benevolence the multitudes already hurrying to and fro upon its surface. "The Polish publicist is right," he muttered softly to himself, "militarism is a curse, and God can never have destined these happy throngs to the ravages of war." And, then, as he turned away from the window, he added in a tone partly sad and partly jocular: "But what will Count Murief say? and even Pobyedonostseff, Procurator of the Holy Synod, will I fear be terribly scandalized. Still, am I not Nicholas II., Tsar of all the Russias, and why should an autocrat hesitate to honor his own conscience? Answerable only to God, he of all men should be true to his own convictions."

Summoning his attendants, whose veneration for his exalted rank shielded him from comments on his apparent neglect of rest, he prepared for the receptions and gorgeous functions of the day. He received

placidity and paternally the felicitations of the great officers of state, and after the wearisome routine, withdrew for a time to the quiet of his own apartments and to the restful comradeship of his beloved wife. Nevertheless, she complained of his unusual reticence and of his preoccupied air. To her anxious solicitude he replied that he had been much engaged studying a Polish book about war, in which the terrifying consequences of a conflict between the dual and triple Alliances are set forth in a masterly manner. He, continuing, said, "this author shows that before a blow had been struck in such a struggle stocks would decline, commerce would be prostrated, and, to say nothing of the loss of life, the cost of this upheaval would amount annually to about £1,747,220,000, and in two years would irretrievably ruin both parties. Meanwhile the world's trade would pass *en masse* into the hands of the United States, whose present prosperity is due to the absence of militarism; and Europe would ultimately become a pensioner on America." "But," answered the Tsaritsa, "Nicholas is prepared; he surely cannot fear war?" "No; I do not fear war; but I fear God, and I love the Christ, the prince of peace, and on this his natal day the chimes in all our steeple heights are strangely ringing in my soul the hope of 'to men good will.'"

An officer announcing that the royal sleigh was in waiting, broke up the interview; and bidding adieu to his family, the Tsar entered the labyrinth of corridors which traverse the enormous Winter Palace. Impelled by some unaccountable and sudden impulse, he left his attendants and entered the chamber where Nicholas I. during the Crimean war had ended his troubled career; and, then, in a similar mood, surprised his courtiers by seeking the room where Alexander II. breathed his last after falling a victim to the bomb thrown by Rysakoff. There for a little while he lingered. No one knew the subject of his reflections; and yet it is not improbable that these environments and their associations deepened the impression already made by the Polish writer—that militarism involves nations in wholesale sacrifices and easily lends itself to anarchy and assassination. Without ut-

tering a word, however, on these gloomy themes, the Tsar descended the stairway, entered the sleigh, and was driven rapidly through the streets. The bracing air did him good. His spirits rose, and his calm face was wreathed with smiles. Everyone saluted him with more than veneration; with love and enthusiasm. After awhile the coachman turned the heads of the horses toward the Summer Garden, whose spacious lawns and avenues were now white with snow, and whose railing adorned with garlands and arabesques was now glittering with an icy coating, and rushing onward came to the chapel near the entrance by the quay, where Karakusof attempted to destroy the Emperor Alexander. As the young ruler swept by he recalled that fearful incident among the many that make up the blood-stained annals of Russia, and repeated to himself the inscription written in golden letters on the chapel, "touch not mine anointed." With these words almost visible to him as he drove away, the mood of the morning returned, and he thought anew of peace and war. Everything else was forgotten. The homage of his subjects who recognized him, as his foaming horses tore through the streets, was unnoticed, and he seemed oblivious to the gay and giddy scenes that were being enacted on every side. "To the Hermitage," he abruptly commanded the startled driver; and with a sudden jerk and a whirl the sleigh was impelled onward to that sadly misnamed palace, once the theatre of many brilliant affairs, where Catherine II. held a court, not over remarkable for its regard to the proprieties of social life.

The Hermitage of late years has been converted into a Museum and picture gallery, where many precious treasures, such as the silver vase of Nicopal and the golden vase of Kertch, and many masterpieces of the Italian and Spanish schools are stored. Seeking the famous canvas of Guido Reni, representing St. Joseph and the Infant Savior, the Tsar withdrew from the company of his followers. The gentle intimation given that he desired to be alone was sufficient to secure him from all intrusion. Being alone, he drew a seat near to the picture which exercised a fascination over his mind, and sitting down was soon lost

in reverie. Never had the Christ-child of Reni seemed to him as beautiful and as divinely life-like as then. It seemed as though he were trying to speak to him from the canvas. The lips appeared to move, and the tiny hand to be struggling for freedom that to the autocrat a welcome might be extended. Wearied with the vigils of the night, feverish and excited, and haunted by what he had been reading of "The Future of War," he was in a condition to fancy strange things or to witness them. Therefore, as he sat and meditated, the form of Joseph faded from the picture before him, a soft light suffused the scene, and in it shone forth, radiantly glorious and yet humanly real, the Christ-child, from whose lips there came forth, sweetly audible, and like a benediction, the word—"Peace," while through the chamber came an antiphonal of melodious voices from the far off hills of old Judea, singing: "On earth peace and to men good will." Enraptured by the heavenly sounds, and his whole being aflame with devotion, the Tsar prostrated himself before the Infant Savior, and murmured as in prayer: "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

Then as he abandoned himself to the mysterious influences of the hour a procession of nations passed before him, and each one was gaunt and wretched, wounded, staggering, and dying. He recognized them one by one as they trembled in their march toward oblivion. Israel he knew by the seven golden candlesticks carried in her hand and by Judah's lion crouching at her side; Rome he knew by her imperial eagles and by the blood-stained toga that hung loosely from her shoulders; and others he knew, as the empire of Charlemagne, the Venetian Republic, and the dominion of Spain by unmistakable signs. But one mark he saw that characterized them all: over the head of each hung an ensanguined sword on the hilt of which was writ the sentence—"Whosoever shall take the sword shall fall by the sword." And as the last of these great powers seemed to sink beneath the waters of the Western seas, the Christ-child spoke again:

"To all of them I came with the wisdom of Heaven's Father. I proclaimed to them myself and preached the gospel of peace.

They would not understand that only the child's love, the child's innocence and the child's spirit can save the world. The Jew reviled me; the Roman cast me naked to the lions in the amphitheatre; the Venetian and the Spaniard, professed to adore me, while both of them racked to death every resemblance of me in the torture chambers of the Inquisition. And all of them appealed to the sword. They had no confidence in love, in brotherhood, in gentleness. War, war and only war was their chief reliance. They tore, they raged, they fought, they burned, and rushed red-handed through the world; and one by one before the very force they had invoked they fell maimed and crushed forever. Nor have the nations of the present learned wisdom from the past. Wherever I go I hear the sound of hammers closing the mail-clad vessels up, and the swirl of furnace blasts preparing to forge huge guns, and the sad tramp of armed millions, and the rattle and clatter, the rumbling and roaring of factory and armory where thousands are toiling that their brothers may be equipped to slaughter brothers. Not freedom, not commerce, not even religion rules the modern world of Europe. Militarism has usurped the throne, and though often disguised and lamely apologizing, sways a terrorizing sceptre over the councils of cabinets, the policies of princes, and the hopes of humanity, and no where find I a dwelling place. The Christ-child cannot make a home in camps of war, where every thought is turned toward destruction and desolation. And neither is he welcome as such. The world's powers are ready to receive him as potentate, as conqueror, as priest, as anything indeed denoting force; but not as the child whose mission is to war on war, and to exalt the banner of good will and peace. Rejected by others. Nicholas, my child's heart turns to thee."

"But, gracious Lord, am I not chief and greatest among the war-gods?"

"On earth peace, good will toward men," softly responded the Infant Christ.

"But, Holy One, I need an outlet to the sea; Constantinople should be delivered from the Turk."

Still answered the melodious voice: "On earth peace, good will toward men."

"Yet, Master, hear me, will it not imperil thy sacred and orthodox church, and endanger the empire thou hast honored with thy truth, to diminish the war-like preparations which alone can overawe the aggressive English?"

Again the mystic voice replied: "On earth peace, good will toward men. Hear me anew, O king, and believe. Good will and peace will save thine empire and thyself. War robs thee of thy noblest men, men fitted to be the leaders and chieftains of commerce and industry. War crushes the land with intolerable burdens, bankrupts princes, desolates provinces and spreads uncertainty and despair."

"But what can I do?"

"Do? Dethrone the war-god; crown the Christ-child. Call on the nations to pause before it is too late. Thyself disarm; help others to disarm. Proclaim the Truce of Christ." And while yet he spake the angel choirs in louder tones echoed the harmony of his message, "on earth peace, good will toward men;" and as the heavenly sounds increased in volume and rang through the vaulted chamber, the Tsar started from his recumbent station, as though to embrace the feet of the holy child, and lo, the child had vanished with the light, and was not. Only Guido Reni's picture hung upon the wall, and no sweet songs disturbed the solemn stillness.

Was this a vision vouchsafed to the imperial ruler, or was it merely imagination? Ah, who can tell? And who can tell when and where imagination ends, and when and where it is supplanted by the divinely given vision? God only knows, not man. But Nicholas knew that a great thought and a great purpose had been born in his soul that day. Weeks came and fled before to them he gave expression. The ice had melted from the Neva, the snows had ceased to beautify the summer garden, the droskies were on wheels again, the flowers were blooming everywhere in Europe, and soft breezes laden with perfumes were sweetening the earth, and the golden harvests were rustling in the sun, when the world was startled by a rescript from the throne or the great Tsar appealing to the nations for the convening of a general council in the interests of disarmament and



"HIS WHOLE BEING AFLAME WITH DEVOTION, THE TSAR PROSTRATED HIMSELF
BEFORE THE INFANT SAVIOR."

Drawn by W. H. Upham.

peace. Ministers of state looked with amazement on the parchment; ambassadors would not believe their eyes, and sought base and ulterior motives in the pathetic

exhortation; but lowly women thanked God in silence, and gazed with fondness on the ruddy lads who might now escape the conscript's fate; while industry at the forge and

plough, in factory and field, lifted up its weary head and smiled. But none of all the war-cursed peoples of the old world knew that it was the spirit of the holy child that shone in the remonstrances and proposals of the king; but many prayed that he, the Prince of Peace, who came a babe on Christmas Day and whose loving words were almost lost in the crash and noise of Roman armies, would now at last lift up his voice and through the council of the nations proclaim the Truce of Christ.

II.

Over the river Seine the yellow mist hung heavily, and filled the streets and boulevards with chilly gloom. The dome of *des Invalides* was enshrouded in the fog, and the façades of the Madelène and Notre Dame were veiled as with grimy muslin. Slippery mire made treacherous the streets, and unexpected voitures dashing recklessly from the obscurity, and plunging as madly into the obscurity again, rendered dangerous the crossings. Lights along the thoroughfares flickered vaguely on the sodden crowds; and the innumerable gas jets and candles, emitting dim radiance in a thousand shops, gleamed uncertainly, like the hypocritical smile on the face of trade alluring only to deceive. Church bells had gone asthmatically hoarse, and their early call to worship had sounded like a dirge; and worshippers had wheezed out their chants and anthems, while the tapers on the altar burned blue and spectrally. Even the Champs d' Elysée shivered in the penetrating gloom, and Cafés Chantant, and other resorts of gilded pleasure were damp and cheerless. Nature had evidently refused her smiles to Paris on this particular Christmas eve. She looked more like a forlorn gay woman of the town, who has been wandering all night in the rain searching for a victim, and whose tawdry finery had been stained by cheap wine and by the pavement's slime, than the mistress of the world's arts and sciences. The city could not have appeared more wretched or more sadly desolate had the dreary tidings of another Sedan or Waterloo been heralded from street to street. And, indeed, her heart was oppressed with as heavy a bur-

den and her mind haunted with as terrible an apprehension, as ever in the olden times when the form of a Wellington or of a Bismarck loomed up large and ominously possible on her horizon. For the thick and murky sombreness of the day outside found its counterpart in shop and home, in barrack and bank, in hovel and palace, in theatre and church throughout the city. Suspicion and melancholy everywhere prevailed. Cabinets had been shifting and changing; representatives had been wrangling and duelling; journalists had been denouncing and vituperating; soldiers had been browbeating and strutting; lawyers had been arguing and counselling; and the people generally had been agitated, excited and divided. Many had come to look with fear upon the army; and some even whispered that as a weapon of defense it was insufficient, and was a graver peril to the nation that employed it than to the enemy against whom it might be directed. Other citizens in undertones predicted that as the prætorians ruined Rome, militarism would destroy France, as it will every country that fosters its brutal arrogance. But a greater number spoke on the other side, declaring that the Jews were the source of weakness to the French Republic; and were incensed against one Dreyfus, a member of that hated race, who, as it was alleged, had been proven a traitor to his obligations as a soldier. The very mention of that name through weeks and months had aroused the violent passions of the multitude, one side insisting on his innocence, the other reiterating the certainty of his guilt. That forged documents had been employed to compass his condemnation had been established beyond a doubt, and that the proceedings of the court-martial had been irregular, harsh and cruel were matters that could no longer be denied. The belief of M. Scheurs-Kestner and of Colonel Picquart in the innocence of the disgraced Hebrew officer; and the suicide of Colonel Henry, after confessing that he himself had supplied false evidence; and the decision of the Brisson cabinet to open anew the celebrated case, had caused a deep impression growing into deeper depression to settle upon France, particularly upon Paris. How could the gay city be gay

when the blood of a blameless man might be laid at her door? How could she laugh and be glad under the growing conviction that wrong had been done, and was still being done, to one of her citizens? And how could she abandon herself to merry making when the army she had petted, honored, almost adored, was in sullen mood and might at any moment trample on her liberties? What if she should be handed over to the tender mercies of her own soldiers? But what if in attempting to mollify and flatter them, Almighty God should hold her accountable for the Jew? He had once wrought terrifying wrongs and sufferings of the dishonored vengeance on Jerusalem and Rome alike for the crucifixion of another Jew; what if he should still consider one of that blood entitled to a similarly appalling vindication?

No wonder, then, that Paris was uneasy on this foggy Christmas eve, or that she went about her business and even pursued her pleasures in melancholy fashion. No wonder that she plodded wearily along through the semi-darkness, and was startled by shadows every now and then emerging from the gloom. The day was not more deplorable than herself. If that were possible, her soul was more densely enveloped in mists than Bourse or Véndôme Monument, or gardens and palaces of Luxemburg and Louvre. Phantom like, her citizens went up and down attending to Christmas shopping; and slowly and solemnly Christmas trees were being prepared, as though the tiny candles were to be lit rather as funeral tapers than as the flaming memorials of a wonderful nativity. Invited guests shivered when they thought of brilliant functions they were expected to attend resplendent in silks and diamonds; while even Noël, the French Santa Claus, contemplated with grievous countenance and with miserable misgivings his bounden duty to impart peace and joyousness to a populace, both young and old, that found it impossible to escape from the accusing and appealing eyes of an exiled Jew, and equally impossible to resist the fear of an impending catastrophe.

It was near the evening hours of the

day preceding Christmas that a little child, unaccompanied by friends or parents, wended his way through the restless throngs that crowded the thoroughfares of troubled and anxious Paris. No hesitancy characterized his movements. He was not a wandering waif, a stranger to the various localities of the great city, or in danger of being hopelessly lost. In quiet confidence and security he pressed onward; and it was remarkable that no one seemed to notice him. Occasionally fair women in the crowds, especially mothers lovingly thinking of children at laid upon their gown, and experienced a home, imagined that they felt a soft hand sudden thrill of ecstasy in their souls; but when they bent downward to see who had touched them, the hand, if hand there were, had become invisible. Only it was observed, whenever the woman's eyes were raised again they shone with a softer and fuller radiance than before, and that the face had taken on a beauty ineffable. No person, however, spoke to the child, and he threaded his way among them unrecognized and unacknowledged. Crossing the river he moved along the Rue de Lille going in the direction of the Pantheon. A guard with measured tread was pacing up and down in front of a dirty white building bearing the initials of the republic, and inhabited by officers and soldiers. There the child paused. Wondering pity spread over his countenance, and a soft sigh breathed from his lips. Soft as it was the sentry heard it, and, perceiving his presence, scanned him curiously.

"Whose child are you?" he asked, peremptorily.

"My Father's," was the answer.

"And your mother's, too, I suppose," mockingly responded the guard. "Usually children have both. But who is your Father?"

"He will be known now by no other name."

"If I had him here, however, I warrant he would be more communicative than his offspring," the soldier exclaimed, significantly tapping his musket. "But," he continued, "my little simpleton I have no need for any one to tell me who you are;

for your features betray you. You are a Jewish gamin. And were you larger and stronger I would be delighted to twist your neck and trample you in the mud."

"But," said the child, drawing back a bit, "your Christ, was he not a Jew, and would you commit an outrage on him, or on his stock and lineage?"

Astounded at the unaffected audaciousness of the child, the soldier moved as though to lay his heavy hand upon him; but a drum-beat from the barracks for the moment directed his attention, and when he looked again the tiny visitor had vanished. Meanwhile the mysterious child hurried on. He went to the Pantheon, to the church of St. Eustache, to Notre Dame and to other magnificent sacred edifices; he mingled with the worshippers and even approached the glittering altars. It was drawing near to the midnight hour, and the people were hushed in awe and silence before the crucifix, when to the ears of all there came the sound as of one withdrawing from their midst. A distinct sense of loss spread rapidly through the congregations, and when the services closed with the dawn of Christmas day the worshippers went out sadly and wearily as though unblest of God. But the child with the Jewish face tramped onward from sacristy to sacristy and from ecclesiastical palace to archiepiscopal residence; he made himself visible to bishops and to priests; and sought the religious houses where holy men were spending the hours of night in prayerful vigils.

None, however, knew him. None bade him welcome. None greeted him with joy and love. Often he heard his own name spoken; but he also heard enough to prove that he was not in the thoughts of the priestly speakers. They likewise talked of war; they confessed to one another their sympathy with the army and their calculating hatred of the Jews. And when one more tender-hearted than the rest suggested that the church could well afford to plead for the lonely man in exile, and that she ought to protect the innocent, he was met with scorn and harsh rebuff. But as he bowed before the lordly prelates, who when journalists, jurists and great civilians had dared to demand justice

for unhappy Dreyfus, had remained conspicuously silent and utterly indifferent to the poor Jew's fate, he thought he saw a babe's face smiling on him through the mist and dreamed he heard a babe's voice whispering—"peace."

"Why linger here?" inquired the child, now talking to himself. "These princes of the Church have no room for me even in the stables of their common inns. Their hearts are so crowded with poor tinsel ambitions; they are so set on worldly aggrandizement; and they are so wedded to their prejudices and hatreds that they cannot recognize the Christ when he is in their very presence. Why then intrude? Is there not one, the saddest man in all the world, to whom I may minister consolation, and who, though he may not know me, will cherish in his soul the memory of my loving words?" And so, straightway the Christ child set out to seek the saddest man in all the world.

He found him on the *Ile du Diable*, off the coast of French Guiana, imprisoned in an iron-sheeted hut, enclosed within a high wooden palisade, and guarded by a soldier whose duty it is to watch him day and night. This wretched speck in the sea is cursed with fevers, is scorched by tropic heats and then chilled by sweeping rains; and furnishes a home for venomous reptiles on its shores and a retreat for sharks in its coves and inlets. A more desolate spot is hardly conceivable; and yet the cruelty of human beings has rendered it even more terrible and unendurable. For there the man condemned is permitted no social intercourse of any kind; for there he is immured in silence, and there he dwells excluded from the sight of ocean's grandeur, and even sleeps with a ball and chain about his feet. His world is there reduced in size to the limits of a stockade, some thirty-six by eighteen feet, and there with no employment, no diversion, the prisoner writhes, withers and wastes away. And this hell on earth is maintained by a nation boasting itself to be the most civilized in all the earth; and is familiar to a church claiming to be most catholic and apostolical, whose most reverend clergy have never raised a voice against its infamies.



"THE SOLDIERS IN THE WATCH-TOWER
WONDERED WHAT THE RAY OF
LIGHT MIGHT MEAN."

Drawn by Walter L. Greene.

The Christ-child glided over the sea, as he had walked upon the waves in other times, and the soldiers in their tower of observation, with their Hotchkiss machine gun, wondered what the ray of light might mean which glinted on the water like the reflection of a star. But when they looked again it had faded into darkness, and they heard nothing but the noise of fretful, murmuring breakers. Within the hideous hut a sorrowful figure lay stretched on a miserable bed, watched by the unsympathetic eyes of a trusty sentry peering through the bars of an iron cage. The night was far spent; and in a little while the Christmas morn would dawn o'er all the earth. Heavily the prisoner slept; and the guard himself nodded suspiciously at his post. Then in the centre of all this squalor and despair the Christ-child stood. A smile stole over the condemned man's face. In his sleep he saw, but could not recognize. He knew a child was in the narrow, tattered room. It was not unlike his own fair boy he had parted from in France; and yet it was not he. At least the face was not an alien one, without the Jewish features and expression. Whoever it might be his lonely heart was open to receive. Nearer to him came the Christ-child, and standing by the pillow on which reposed the care-worn head, he gently whispered: "Hope!"

III.

The war was over. Spain had been driven from the new world, her power there forever broken. Triumphant armies had returned to their homes in the great republic; and victorious navies were riding peacefully at anchor. New heroes had been given to the page of history; and grave problems had arisen to perplex, and yet perhaps to stimulate, the genius of heaven-born leaders. Never before had America seemed so mighty, so marvellous, so humane, so happy, so proud and prosperous. The statesmen of other lands were rendering homage to her achievements and her prowess; and the long-suffering yellow races of the East were lifting up their heads in expectation since she had become their neighbor. Her territorial boundaries had been expanded, her political influence had been extended, and the wise men of official and unofficial Europe were speculating on her policy in coming years. In all of her added glory, in all the sumptuousness of her affluence, and in all the glad anticipations of reviving commercial supremacy, the nation, exceptionally honored of God, prepared to observe the Yule-tide festivities.

But some there were busy with other thoughts and engaged on other schemes. Here and there were men who talked a language strange to freedom's ear, of imperialisms, of military governments, of ruling distant peoples with the strong hand and without gaining their consent, of dependencies and protectorates; and not a few in their extravagant devotion to the flag were planning treason to the principles of liberty and of just government which it represents, and which alone imparts to it peculiar sacredness and significance. Vast armaments of war were recommended, dreams of military renown were on every side encouraged; and citizens, forgetting that the armies of Europe are its heaviest burden, and that militarism is the most expensive curse a country suffers from, discoursed admiringly of the advantages of war and war-like systems to mankind. Inflamed by this exciting declamation multitudes of people overlooked the warning unintentionally conveyed in the administration's appeal to Congress for an appropriation of \$166,726,599.71 to support for a year an army of one hundred thousand men. This enormous sum, to which must be added \$50,000,000 for the maintenance of the navy, and a pension list of \$150,000,000, demanded annually in times of peace, is prophetic of what the future has in store if the passion for military glory shall succeed in mastering the American Republic. Its condition then would probably be worse than that of Europe; for there the powers only spend on an average \$200 a year on each soldier, while here we exact from the taxpayer for his support \$1667.26 per man, and if ever we should be obliged to place in the field a force equalling that of Russia, 880,000 men, we would not long escape financial collapse and ruin. For let it be remembered that this \$1667.26 does not reach the individual soldier; but is largely consumed by others, either through inefficiency or dishonesty, and intensifies the warning against militarism, which as history proves, lends itself to the worst forms of corrupting lavishness. Blind were many to these dangerous and degrading possibilities when the faint echoes of the angels' Christmas song were wafted on the air; and blind likewise to

their significance was he, the chief magistrate of the nation, when in commenting on the Tsar's appeal for disarmament and arbitration he wrote: "The active military force of the United States, as measured by our population, territorial area, and taxable wealth is * * * so conspicuously less than that of the armed powers to whom the Czar's appeal is especially addressed, that the question can have for us no practical importance." Blind indeed! When our war with Spain has cost us nearly \$300,000,000; and when we are called on to spend each year—including pensions—about one half what it costs the powers of Europe combined to sustain their war-like establishments, we may well pause to consider whether we are drifting, and whether we should not be among the foremost to hail with gladness the great Tsar's message, and to join him heart and hand in establishing over all the earth the Truce of Christ.

But hushed, if not silenced, were all these strident voices when the Natal Day of heaven's best gift to man shone clear and calm in freedom's favored land. The storms that had swept the coasts, and that had raged with terrifying fury, had given place to sunshine and repose. Nature was fair and beautiful again. Robed in her snows and glittering in her coronal of heaven's light, she seemed to have arrayed herself in regal innocence for the reception of the infant king. The people everywhere shared in her gracious mood. For the time being spears were converted into ploughshares, swords into pruning hooks, and iron-clads and Maxim guns into floating palaces and the instruments of progress. Churches were crowded with happy multitudes, and the spirit of worship was permeated with thoughts of Christmas cheer and Christmas deeds of love. Evergreens, borrowed from Druid altar and from old Norse legend, clung gracefully to the cross, adorning the all-conquering symbol, and mutely proclaiming that in every cult there is a truth, and that the sacred cross completes and harmonizes all. Hymns and carols sounded sweetly from innumerable choirs, while gifts and feasts in lowly homes as well as in rich men's houses, gladdened old and young alike, and quick-


ened anew the sense of human fellowship. Chimes were intermittently rung, huge steepled bells were vigorously swung, and grateful praises were generously sung; and all made up a merry Christmas-tide, the likes of which the fathers said this weary world had never known since he, the Prince of Peace, awakened melody in angel throats to sing of "good will to man."

And then it came to pass a child's voice was heard softly speaking through all the land. But for the quiet of the gracious

its chance of audience was lessened from the first by the ever deepening war of social greed and of social discontent. But though only a child's voice, happy the nation if it reverently heeds as well as hears; for in the coming time that child's voice grows mightier than the noise of many waters, and after the kingdoms and republics of earth have wasted themselves in fruitless conflicts, shall dominate the thrones and rule the governments of the world from the rising to the setting of the sun.



"AMERICA HAS BECOME THE MOST MAGNIFICENT OF POWERS, NOT BY THE AGGRESSIONS OF MILITARY FORCE; BUT THROUGH THE OFFICES OF RELIGION, EDUCATION AND LIBERTY."

Drawn by Walter L. Greene. 

season, when braying trumps and rattling drums are out of tune and clattering sabres and jangling spears are silent grown, none would have caught the music of its tones. And who can tell whether in the noisy hubbub that must follow, in the clamor of ambition and in the Babel of political speech, these tones and the message they convey may not be drowned and lost? At best it was only a child's voice that sounded, and

The child's voice said:

"On earth peace, good will toward men. The mightiest conqueror of the world is Christ, and he founded and extended his empire through love. America has advanced and become the most magnificent of powers, not by the aggressions of military force; but through the offices of religion, education, liberty and the march of art and science. Good will toward men

has made her noble, and has exalted her, and only good will can keep her great."

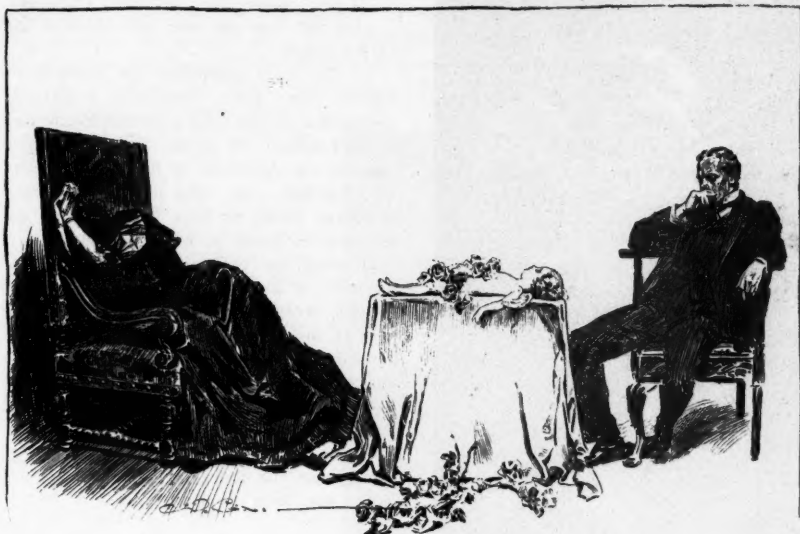
"On earth peace," the voice continued. "Abandon the islands of the sea? No. Hand them over to barbarity and night? No. Colonize them with the children of the north? No. Who gave them to Spain? She took them and held them by the strong hand. She oppressed, crushed and blighted them. But America," the child's voice murmured, "America surely must recognize the rights of the people to their own possessions. Is she to turn common robber in the name of freedom and philanthropy? Can she who condemned chattel slavery assume to purchase millions of human beings, and dispose of their destiny as though they were but droves of cattle? No; before it is too late let the better thought and nobler policy prevail. The islands of the sea belong to their inhabitants. Accept them, O America, only as a trust. Act by them loyally and fairly. Teach the nations the law of the good Samaritan. Succor the fair lands that unhappily fell among Spanish thieves, and join not thou the robbers. Educate, evangelize, emancipate. A third of the money to be lavished on preparations for war, if devoted to schools and churches, and if wisely invested in industrial enterprises will speedily cause the islands of the sea to blossom as the rose, and will yield more in commercial prosperity and in political power than all the schemes which have their beginning in the repudiation of the undying principle which contains at its heart the potency and promise of the world's regeneration: "All men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

"On earth peace," still spoke the voice. "Within your own borders, nation made great by good will, good will has not wholly triumphed. Abandon its gracious wisdom and the race problem of the south will assume more aggravated proportions, and the labor questions of the north only lead to graver complications. You boast

of prosperity and thousands are dying for lack of bread, and you parade your enormous revenues, and yet you fret and complain if a laborer craves an added pittance to his dole."

And so the child's voice died away with the passing of the year. Whether it will be heard again in cabinet and council, and whether it will shape at once the nation's destiny, no man can tell. But some who received its message are gathering into groups from the Golden Gate to Massachusetts Bay. They are earnest-souled and thoughtful. Simply arrayed as pilgrims, and decorated with a badge of white on which is writ the legend, "good will toward men," and holding in their hand the olive branch, they are preparing to aid the mighty Tsar in bringing to an end the monstrous monstrosities of war. With the melting of the snows and the coming of the crocus the Pilgrimage of Peace will begin its march and enter on its mission. From the distant west it will eastward move, and on every halt proclaim the new crusade against blood and slaughter. England will welcome to her shores the holy pilgrimage; and from thence, with the blessings of women and children following, it will invade the continent. In every capital of Europe will the cry be raised "at last the Anglo-American has come." Yes, come, but not with fleets and armies, but come in peace for the everlasting reign of peace. And when the procession shall have become vast and imposing from accessions received from the peoples of France, Austria, Germany, Italy and lesser states, it will enter St. Petersburg, and there, pleading for our common humanity, entreat crowned heads and potentates to dethrone militarism and inaugurate "the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

To the prophet's eye it is a babe's hand that beckons onward the peace pilgrimage, and to the prophet's ear it is a babe's voice that speaks in its message; and when its holy mission is accomplished then will it be realized that it was the Christ-child who established "The Truce of Christ" in all the earth.



LOVE WILL DIE.

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THE CONFESSIONS OF SIR CUPID

BY FREEMAN FURBUSH



LT was such an inexpressibly dreary world, way back there in the beginning. Nothing, you know, but those antediluvian creatures, the saurocephaleus giganteus and the diceratherium mastodonus to keep a fellow company, and even they at times became a bit tiresome. There were no great cities with their mad, wild ways, no cafés chantants, no summer girls, no voguish verse of Kipling—nothing, absolutely nothing, save a vast unbroken stretch of fairyland about which history had yet to be written. It was all very ideal and beautiful, this virgin dawn

of creation—a decidedly big affair beyond question—but there was a certain solitary biped that it didn't strike so in the least. He wondered what it all meant—this first man;—and whether it wasn't barely possible that he had been dropped, as it were, on the wrong planet. A sorry scheme of things indeed—to be the only mortal on the face of the earth, without mother, maid or memories. And how unutterably lonely it all had been since that moment he awoke and found himself a full-grown man without ever having been a half-grown boy. The other creatures in this famous woodland—the marsupials, the herbivories and the rest of the animals—seemed happy enough, for he noticed that they always wandered about in pairs, but he alone found no one who in the least resembled



"LOOK OUT! I'M AN AWFULLY GOOD SHOT."

From the painting by P. Martin.

him. Once he met a gorilla maid and because he saw that she walked on her hind legs and used her arms as he did, and also because there was something of a likeness between their physiognomies, he mistook her for a being of kith and kin, and courted her attention,—that is, until a single muscular hug from her drove all the fascination away. Since then he had wept bitterly at his fate, denying the world altogether. And so successful was he in doing this that one day as he was strolling along in the primeval wilderness he met a girl and didn't even know who or what she was. Which of course was very stupid of him. But then, they hadn't been introduced, you see.

The next day they passed each other again and still again on the morrow and yet neither bowed. And neither felt hurt at the slight. Only, nestled up in a huge fern over their heads, a little fatling with a roguish smile and impish ways was laughing fit to burst himself. At last he chuckled aloud and said:

"If you please—this is where *I* come in." And that was the way the quest of Sir Cupid began.

Of that first interview the records of history have been criminally neglectful, seeing that it was such a tremendously important affair. It would be such unique reading,—a chronicle of how Cupid handled his first case. But no special correspondent seems to have been present, so we have to guess at what happened.

Hearing the chuckle above them they naturally looked up, just in time to see his winged worthy descend from his perch with all the majesty of bearing that an emperor might assume on leaving his throne, and take up a position in front of them, with folded arms and a searching frown that made the occasion a terribly impressive one. Then the silence was broken by words from the cherubic lips.

"So you have come at last."

"Yes."

"It is time. I've had an awfully long wait. Please don't do it again."

"No."



"THERE, LITTLE BOY—DON'T CRY."

From the painting by E. Daelen.

"Of course you couldn't have helped it, but someone blundered frightfully. This engaging the services of an actor and getting him on the boards about three million years before the show commences, is something extremely annoying. I trust you see it as I do."

"We do."

"I'm afraid you don't, and that's what I'm here for. You may not know it, but I'm a person of considerable importance."

"Who are you, may we ask?"

"Who am I? I am the humble son of my mother Venus, the supreme twanger of the potent bow, speeder infallible of the fatal dart, anointed sovereign of sighs and groans, liege of all loiterers and malcontents, lord of the folded arms, regent of love rhymes and sentimental ditties, the perpetually old, eternally youthful divinity that shapes your ends rough and sometimes smooth. I'm the senior-junior giant-dwarf who rules at will the kingdom of hearts. I'm an Institution by myself, a whole Principle, a complete Corporation, a bloated Trust. I'm the greatest, grandest, goodest, gentlest thing alive. In short, I'm the fellow that makes the world go round. I'm, well, to be brief, I'm Cupid, Sir Dan Cupid, at your service. Sorry I'm out of cards to-day."

That was how it all began. Of course we can readily guess that Sir Dan took each of those poor original mortals off into a leafy bower and told them separately a great many secrets that he ought not, but there is some consolation in the fact that the secrets which he told were as nothing compared to the ones which were left untold. Still enough was said to make the youth and the maid most miserably happy, and enough was accomplished to make the

mischievous little youngster think he had done an excellent day's work. And he had. And he has been doing it ever since.

All of which, so Cupid tells us, has been no apology of a task, no sinecure, forsooth.



"YOU'LL BE SORRY IF YOU DON'T COME."

From the painting by Lionel Royer.

"It started out very easily there in the garden," his midget lordship explained to me as he stole into my library at eventide the other day for one of those disturbing visits of his, and throwing a plaster image of himself to the floor, enthroned his personality in its place, "for you see they were really so awfully simple—those two—and never having heard anything of the kind before, they believed everything I said. Foolish of them, wasn't it, poor things: yet what could you expect? But oh dear, that was way back in the beginning, and times have changed since then,

you know. It isn't a fairy tale any longer—this job of mine—ah, me!" and the little rascal cocked his head to one side and with a most pitiful wrinkling of his countenance, sighed deeply.

to have forgotten the things I have done."

"Possibly, but the rest of us haven't, and I want to tell you right now that you have acted disgracefully."

I had a few old scores to settle with the



"HAVE I EVER DRESSED SO GORGEOUSLY THAT THE ARTISTS SHOULD BURDEN ME WITH A RIDICULOUSLY USELESS BAG WHENEVER I GO ON A VISIT."

From the painting by Jean Aubert.

"I don't see as there is anything to cry about, Cupid. You're still a winner," I ventured to remark.

"M-m—yes; I confess I've been leading mankind a pretty lively jig for a few thousand years, but that isn't everything. There are lots of things I haven't done. I seem

kid myself and I thought the occasion highly propitious.

"Forgotten the things you've done—ahem—that's rather good. Might I refresh your memory by remarking that you've upset pretty thoroughly the natural course of history since creation took place; you've

played the very mischief with thrones and empires and sported at battledore and shuttlecock with kings and queens; you've led a very rich and riotous life in the realm of the emotions and the things you ought not

disaster with tender hearts and toiling heads and you have killed where you ought to have kissed. There are about 876,357,456 other things on the credit side of your account, only I don't want to be too hard



"IT'S NO USE, MY LADY FAIR, THIS IS JUST THE SORT OF A GAME THAT'S PEACHES AND CREAM FOR ME."

From the painting by Jean Aubert.

to have done have been scandalously numerous while your record in the sins of omission is equally as corrupt; you've rushed in where angels feared to tread, you've been a respecter neither of the law nor the gospel, you've raised deuce and

on you. It is possible that the recording angel may have wept enough to have wiped out those items, but I doubt it—yes, very much. Forgotten them, you say—well that is humorous. Is there anything that you *do* happen to remember?"

"Oh, just a few—some of the big ones," and Cupid stifled a yawn as he spoke. "I remember I had an affair once with Eve,—or was it Psyche, one quite forgets such trifles, don't they? And then afterwards I believe there was something up between Cleopatra and myself and still later with Juliet and a few others, but nothing to speak of—scarcely worth mentioning. It's off with the old and on with the new, you know, and love's always truest when it's newest. Shocking, isn't it—but so it is," and the urchin shrugged his shoulders.

"Shocking? Well, decidedly, you little fiend. What business, I should like to know, have you to run this world according to your own crazy notions? And such a kid! You've never learnt a thing."

"No, I knew it all in the beginning."

"Who told you?"

"Oh, birds and flowers,—and a bee or two," and Cupid winked.

"Well then, what makes you do such mischief and cause so much trouble?"

"That's what I'm hired for."

"Have you ever done anything right?"

"Oh, occasionally. I'm blind you know," and he winked again.

"When, may I ask?"

"When I let an arrow fly at that girl for you."

"Excuse me, but aren't you getting a bit personal?"

"I have to be. It's in my line."

"Supposing we leave her out of the question?"

"Supposing we do."

"Well, what would happen?"

"Trouble, right away, quick!"

"Who'd make it?"

"I would."

"How?"

"Hum—don't you wish you knew?"

"No."

"Oh, of course not."

"I mean it."

"Undoubtedly."

"Supposing then we don't leave her out of the question?"

"Supposing we don't."

"Well, what would happen?"

"Trouble, right away, quick!"

"The deuce! Then I don't see where the difference comes in."

"There isn't any."

"Now look here, you little under-sized



"IT'S GREAT FUN—THIS BEING A HELMSMAN BOLD."

From the painting by I. Spiridon.



"AS IF CLOSED DOORS OR LOCKSMITHS EVER BOTHERED ME."

From the painting by J. L. Hamon.

contamination! Stop your nonsense and tell me immediately what you mean, or I'll put you out of the room."

"Aren't *you* getting a bit personal?"

"I swear I'll do it, so look out."

"Oh no you won't."

"What's to prevent it?"

"You like me too well."

"Cupid, you're a wizard. Here's my hand. Now tell me the rest of your story."

"Let me see, what was I talking about before you became so ungracious? Oh, I remember—certain grievances I happen to have against mankind."

"They can't be many. You always seem to get the better of it."

"They are legion."

"Such as what, for instance?"

"To begin with, such as the way those old Greek sculptors slapped me together in clay. They hurt me and my business terribly—those wooden-Indian tobacco signs they made. Didn't recognize myself in the least and nobody else did. In fact I had to go into insolvency and it lasted all through the Dark Ages. I had an awfully tough time of it in those days. I'd let a dart fly now and then, but what was the use, it only struck against a coat of mail or an iron breastplate, and fell to the ground. In fact business didn't pick up at all until the revival of learning came and then things were on the boom. I tell you there was a great renaissance in art in those days for a while. Old Correggio, and Raphael, Titian, Da Vinci and Murillo worked me into everything, but it was mostly church stuff and I had to behave too properly to have much fun out of it. Why, when I take my "run across" in the

summer time I always make it a point to avoid the cathedral towns and the art galleries. Too reminiscent of old times, you know; gives a fellow unpleasant memories. Once, by a big mistake, I got into the Louvre and before I knew, I was standing with a young English girl—just a daisy, you know—before one of Van Dyck's chromos and if you'll believe it, she looked straight at me in the painting and remarked:

"Why, mother I wonder what the significance is of that little lump of flesh with sprouting wings up there in the corner?"

"Oh, dear, that hurt me terribly. But I don't know as it hurt me any more than when I found out that a lot of contemptible little cherubs were working their way into my monopoly and getting themselves painted on every conceivable stretch of canvas. It wasn't right; lots of persons couldn't tell the difference and it kept me out of my inheritance right along. Still these weren't my greatest troubles."



"GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY; WHAT HAVE I DONE TO BE JUDGED 'GUILTY.'"

From the painting by Jean Aubert.



"OO-O, BUT IT'S TERRIBLY COLD, ISN'T IT—WHEN LOVE IS DONE?"

From the painting by Jean Aubert.

"You have others?"

"Quite a few. Some of them deserve only to be tried in the Supreme Court. What do you think, for instance, of the way I'm made to do duty in all the funny papers and on those stupid little card-boards that fill the country about the middle of February? Isn't it terrible? It's just ruining my reputation. I'm sure I don't know what I shall do about it."

"How about Mr. Gibson?"

"Ah, there you have hit it. I have a great admiration for that man Gibson, whoever he is. He has treated me very decently. I don't mind telling you, for it's a fact, but in my wanderings last year I called upon at least a thousand girls whom I found stretched out on the floor completely absorbed in that big portfolio of drawings—Gibson's, I believe you said his name was. Funny thing, too, I always caught them looking most intently at tiny me and saying, 'what a dear little fellow! How I wish he'd shoot me!'"

"Of course after that it wasn't so very

hard to get acquainted, and really I've had just the softest snap imaginable with those Gibson girls. Won easily every time, except—except—I'm afraid I'll have to confess it—except in those international marriages. I've lost heavily there. I was among the 'also rans' for fair. Can't do a thing against the millions, you know. When it's a case of Cash vs. Cupid, your humble servant is out of the running entirely. The Anglo-American alliance is the worst thing I have to contend with. Now here is something I picked up on a girl's chiffonier who has just married Lord So-and-So. It's a fair sample of how I'm treated. May I read it?"

"You may."

"Well, here it is:"

CUPID'S WATERLOO.

"Young Cupid at the rich man's door
Vaunted he was immortal,
He made the rich man very sore,
And would not leave his portal.

"I want your daughters, Cræsus, dear,"
Said Cupid, loudly laughing;
And each of the young maids drew near
So charming was his chaffing.

Young Cupid drew his storied bow
But Cræsus was before him;
For Cupid oft has been too slow
(That's why old maids abhor him).

Old Cræsus filled a gatling gun
With plunks of gold. What followed?
He blew poor Cupid to the sun,
And heavens! how he hollered!"

"Now, what do you think of that?"
Wouldn't it jar you?"

"Disgraceful."

"Same here, but what can you do?"

"Find revenge somewhere."

"Ah, now you have it. That's just what I do. I bide my time, and snap—before you know it I've sent one of my arrows at the bride for the benefit of another fellow and do ditto to the gracious groom for the benefit of another girl. It's sweet you know—revenge."

"But naughty, Cupid."

"I daresay, but I don't ever remember having set myself up for a tin-god. Have I?"

"I shouldn't say you had."

"Well, not to my knowledge. And now about those other troubles,—the sins of the artists. Have I ever dressed so gorgeously that I must needs carry a ridiculously heavy grip with me when I go on a visit, have I ever been so unsuccessful in my warfare that closed doors or locksmiths have foiled me; have I ever been so sadly without resources that the breaking of a single bow made me cry; have I—well, you know the rest. Oh, the weary stunts those fellows have put me through. You see, I too have my ups and downs. It isn't all peaches and cream, not a bit of it."

"But Cup', you can't deny that there are times, however, when you're right in the race."

"Oh, I daresay. I'm generally on deck when the fun's at its best."

"A Cunarder? Moonlight night?"

"Sometimes; but the lights are too disgustingly numerous on those Atlantic

liners to suit me. The P. & O. boats are better. Fewer incandescents, more phosphorescence at the bows and greater silence and darkness by the hand-steering gear aft. A fellow has to be careful about his stage setting, you know."

"And your other haunts?"

"Oh, one or two in number. I'm pretty regular at Florida and Monaco in the winter."

"And Lucerne and the Adirondacks in the summer, I suppose."

"Correct, that's where you'll find me. All orders are rush ones then. New York and London are beastly slow. Nothing doing."

"But Eros, my lord, there are always the sports."

"Ah, true. I forgot them for the moment. Strange, too, for I've been playing an awful lot of golf lately. Great game, isn't it?"

"So I've heard."

"And wheeling, too. Oh my, I've just ridden myself nearly to death with it. The pace is really too fast for my blood, but you see I have to go along every time,—to chaperone them."

"Ye gods, that's good Cupid, about as good as that dual alliance I hear you have with the moon. Anything in that?"

"Solitaires, my boy, and plain gold bands."

"You scamp!"

"Not at all. The moon and I are the best of chums. We've been pulling together in double harness too long to be anything else. What the man in the moon and this chick don't know isn't worth knowing. I tell you we're a pair. And oh!—the things we've seen and the things we've heard,—awful, heart-rending." And the past grand-master of intrigue raised his hands and rolled up his eyes, shockingly.

"Let's have some."

"My very dear sir! you forget yourself. Professional courtesy forbids that."

"Your pardon, Cupid. I spoke hastily."

"Just don't do it again, that's all. Well, I must be going; I have an appointment with a rebellious little dame on the balcony of the palace at Strelsau and I'm due there in about thirty minutes. But before I go I would just like to say, that although

I'm a jolly, irresponsible youth, I've cried,
—sometimes."

"I should like to believe it of you."

"Yes, and I have suffered—much."

"May I inquire when?"

And then the dear little rogue crawled
down from his perch on my book-shelf and
coming to where I sat, placed his hand on
my knee and whispered softly:

"When Love is done."

I looked down into his tiny face and
saw that the light of mirth had gone and
in its place a great sympathy spoke in the
eyes and in the cherubic features.

"Yes," he added with the saddest little
tremor in his voice. "I want to tell
you, so you shall know it, that there's
lots of sorrow in this world I'd pre-
vent if I could. Everyone says I'm only
here for mischief and madness, but they
wrong me. I do just the biggest day's
work I know how, to make things come

out right, but I can't always help it,—really
I can't. You know they say that

'The mind has a thousand eyes
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When Love is done.'

and it's so. Sad isn't it—the saddest thing
in the universe. And oh, I try so hard to
make it all right. I'd always be, if I could,
the 'choir invisible whose music is the glad-
ness of the world.' " He turned his head
away and I saw a fat little fist obliterating
a big tear that had started down a chubby
cheek.

"Yes," he added, chokingly, "so hard—
so sad. In Heaven it will be different—
good-bye."

I looked again. A silken portiere rustled
for an instant as it swayed outward and
then fell to. He was gone—like one of
his mother's doves.

BY THE FIRE-PLACE

I love to sit by the fire-place,
And dream of the years gone by,
When thro' the meadow we roam'd at will,
My little sweetheart and I.
I plucked the fairest flowers that grew,
Her delicate form to grace * * *
O to-night I feel she is with us again,
As I dream by the fire-place.

I see her now in the old arm chair,
Rocking the babe to sleep,
I hear her offer a fervent prayer:
The little one safe to keep.
The little pink feet, and stockings neat,
The delicate frills and lace * * *
I am conscious now of their presence near,
As I dream by the fire-place.

Long years ago we laid her away,
In the church-yard on the hill,
The pine-trees sing a requiem sad,
The brook flows murmuring still;
The baby is now a lass in her teens,
And in her features I trace,
The face of her mother, my little sweetheart,
As I dream by the fire-place.

Ben. C. Wilkins.



"WHEN SHE TURNED . . . I SAW THAT IT WAS NAHRAINI MARSAUD."

IN A FAR COUNTRY

BY HELEN FRANCES HUNTINGTON

Drawings by W. H. Upham

"ONLY four hundred rupees, Sahib," said the goldsmith deprecatingly, "and it is quite as beautiful as the other."

Which was not true. The "other" was a cobra-bracelet, of that most beautiful and curious workmanship known only to Indian lapidaries; so cunningly put together that it seemed to palpitate with life and motion at the lightest touch. It was, with-

out doubt, the most desirable thing in all that precious little hoard; and I looked upon it with covetous eyes.

"I will have this or none," I declared, with so much fervor that Amir understood, and told the truth.

"It is for the Rani of Dimapur," he explained, in grieved tones.

"Well, then, you can make another for me. How long will it take?"

"I cannot, Sahib. It is not my design; Akbar, who made it, has been away this long time."

He explained subsequently that Akbar was a Jaipur lapidary, which meant that he was one of the very few perfect artificers in Asia. The Rajputs are consummate masters of an art which we, with all our modern astuteness, have never been able to simulate.

I bought a few ordinarily pretty trinkets, and took another look at the priceless nag-jewel, at which Amir's eyes brightened with swift anticipation of future benefit.

"Nahraini Marsaud, the bunnia's daughter, has a nag-jewel exactly like this one," he said. It may be that she will part with it at a fair price. She lives a little way up the Gwalior road, toward the kutch. If the Sahib wishes to see her I will show him the way."

He left his treasures in the care of a naked brother-merchant, and set out cheerfully up the broad, white Gwalior road. We stopped presently under a canopy of flowering bougainvilles, before a stone-walled bungalow of English build, and when our errand was made known Nahraini came reluctantly to the open door. She had the most beautiful face in the world, and eyes that held the light of countless incarnations in their black, sparkling depths. Her dress, of pure white, shimmering linen, was caught at the waist by a golden girdle, and the nag-jewel, coiled about her naked, lustrous arm, caught and held all the colors of the spectrum in its scintillating spangles.

"The Sahib wishes to buy the nag-jewel at a fair price," said Amir, bluntly, before I could invent a plausible excuse; for I had no notion of making myself ridiculous by trying to drive a bargain with a goddess; it was like asking to buy the crown jewels of a queen. I felt relieved when she refused to part with the trinket at any price, and, choking back a fierce desire to thrash Amir for his thick-headedness, withdrew summarily.

That evening, when I sat smoking on the veranda of my bungalow, my eyes caught a bit of blue vacillating over against the lighted space between the trees, which I presently made out to be a woman. When

she turned in at the compound gate I saw that it was Nahraini Marsaud, her white dress cloaked in a star-broidered garment like the blue of a midnight sky.

A little flame of color underran her satin-smooth skin, and she gathered the diaphanous folds of blueness in one hand, and bowed very slightly, but with the grace of a duchess.

"I have not willingly obtruded on the Sahib's peace," she began, quaintly, letting her eyes rest for an instant on the litter of papers at my feet.

"Not at all," I answered, doubtful of the proper interpretation of the apology. I offered her a seat, at which she thanked me, but remained standing, with one hand on the chair-back. As she moved, I saw, depending from the fastening of her blue cloak, the glittering length of the nag-jewel.

"It has reached me that the Sahib is a traveler," she said, with apologetic deference. "Is it true?"

"Yes."

"Might you chance to pass through Bengal?"

"Very likely," I answered, untruthfully; for up to that moment I had no notion of going to Bengal; but I desired at all hazards to turn the conversation to meet her convenience, so I intimated that I had laid my plans in direct line of travel toward Bengal.

"I have a friend in Bengal, whom I fear is ill. Might I ask the Sahib's favor in his behalf? He is also a Sahib," she added, with childish eagerness. "I have brought the nag-jewel, thinking the Sahib might accept it in payment of his trouble."

I refused the gift with unnecessary warmth, which conveyed the idea that I was rather huffed at the suggestion, and she begged my pardon with such grace that my resentment melted like dew before the morning sun.

Then followed the story of a strange romance between two young people of antipodean races. The man's name was Reginald Derringford; he had met the young Asiatic queen in the course of government service in Gwalior, and had taught her what had never entered into the dreams of one of her race. To please

him she had added to her native grace such European accomplishments as could subsist side by side with her lofty race pride; for she was a Rajput—a race whose inherent virtues have never been surpassed in the world's history.

"It may be that Derringford has gone back to England," I suggested, cautiously.

"No; he could not do that," she contradicted gently, "for he is bound to me by the laws of the Sahibs, which may not be broken, save by death."

She held up one little hand, with its seal of marriage—a plain little gold band surrounding a single diamond—and I cursed Reginald Derringford for a coward.

Now, fate, which never shirks a duty, sent me directly across Derringford's path, down Poona way, where he was very comfortably quartered with a troop of native servants and an easy commission. He was a fine, handsome young giant, with a frank, pleasant face and a winning air of good-fellowship that utterly contradicted the black knavery of his past. Two pictures stood side by side on his desk, the one of a frou-frou girl with a pretty, piquant face, the other of a good, plain little girl who had been very dear to me in the old Eaton days.

"Mary Maxwell, by all that's wonderful!" I exclaimed.

"Nice little girl," he said, looking over my shoulder. "Queer how things work about! Who'd think of running across a friend of Mary's way out here."

"Of course you know her very well," I said, wondering at his familiar tone.

"Pretty well," he answered, smiling drily. "She's on her way out to marry me."

Which meant not only that he had won the sweetest girl in England, but the acquisition of several million sterling. Old Maxwell had made his pile in Sheffield steel, and had kept the sum intact for Mary. Now it was to go to a knave!

"The other girl is the belle of two Simla seasons," he went on, with a passing glance at the spoiled beauty; "well enough for Simla, but—"

Under the sudden impulse of spontaneous confidence he took from the recess of his desk a tiny amateur photo, and laid it

silently before me. It was Nahraini in her native dress; very beautiful, indeed, but not so fair by half as that stately maid.

"Sweeter woman never lived," he said, with unfeigned tenderness. "If I could do away with certain traditional obligations I'd choose her before all the women in the world. Dear little heathen! How good she was to me when I was ill up at Gwalior, and how poorly I repaid her!"

He was not wholly bad; only detestably weak. But why should Mary be sacrificed when he was bound by God's immutable law to another woman? There was no way of reaching Mary now that she was in mid-ocean, therefore I put off my purpose for a time. I could think of nothing to write to Nahraini until Derringford went down with a slight attack of the heat, when I grasped at the straw, and wrote to her that I had found him, and he was ill, but quite out of danger. I promised to watch over him faithfully and report his progress. I purposely omitted the date and address, forgetting that the postoffice officials would carefully supply the deficiency.

Derringford would not hear of my departure. "You must stay for Mary's sake," he urged. "It will be such a nice little surprise to find an old friend in this far country."

I did not blame Mary for not seeing it that way; for it was plain to me from the first moment of her arrival that Derringford held her heart in the hollow of his hand; and, to do him justice, he seemed fond of her after a certain knightly fashion intrinsic to men of his kind. The object of my visit became more and more remote as I summed up the complications inevitable to the disclosure of Derringford's duplicity. I let the first day pass without approaching the subject, and on the second day Derringford showed Maxwell about the works, leaving me to entertain Mary as best I might, at which I was not very successful, seeing that our opinions of Derringford were at odds. I was in the midst of a rambling tale when Mary interrupted me with a little exclamation of delighted wonder.

"I want you to look at that woman!" she said, in a gentle undertone; "she has the most beautiful face I have ever seen."

I looked up to see the blue-cloaked figure and sweet, grave face of Nahraini Marsaud. A swift, radiant smile of recognition lit up her wonderful eyes like a rift of sunlight on still water, and she bowed and looked at Mary, who smiled as only good, warm-hearted women smile on perfect feminine beauty.

"Are you looking for someone?" Mary asked, with childish curiosity to hear her speak.

"For my husband, Sahiba. I have heard that he is ill, and wish to find him."

"Oh," said Mary, making room beside her on the garden seat. I tried to divert her attention, in the vain hope of preventing the inevitable disclosure; but she paid no heed to me, but continued to gaze on the divine beauty of her rival.

"Perhaps Mr. Clayton may be able to help you," said Mary, hastening her own sorrowful hour. "He may know your husband."

"Yes," Nahraini answered, sitting down meekly, and looking straight into my troubled eyes. "I have to thank you for the letter, Sahib. He have not gone to England?"

"To England!" Mary exclaimed with quickened interest.

"My husband is English, Sahiba; and it may be that he have need to go to his own country. He have not yet gone, Sahib?" she repeated, with thinly veiled entreaty.

"No," I answered simply.

"How strange to marry out of one's race! And yet, I could not blame a king for loving such a woman!" Mary murmured, at which the other woman gave her a grateful little smile that lit up her wondrous beauty gloriously.

"Do you know him?" Mary insisted. "And does Reginald?"

At the sound of that name the color leapt into Nahraini's face. "Yes, that is he," she said, with infinite tenderness. It is Reginald, Reginald Derrinford. Will you take me to him?"

"What are you saying?" Mary cried, looking up with the shadow of unspeakable fear in her wide, blue eyes. "There cannot be two men of that name in India!"

"He is my husband," Nahraini reiterated quietly.

What Mary would have said will never be known, for at that instant Derrington walked up the garden path, arm in arm with Maxwell; and when Nahraini saw him she rose impulsively and took a step forward with outstretched hand, the splendid color deepening in her cheek and her eyes aflame with subdued emotion.

Reginald went white to the lips, and stopped short for one breathless instant, then his hand dropped, and he stood confessed a guilty man. It was Maxwell who broke the painful silence.

"What do you want?" he demanded, gruffly.

But Nahraini paid no heed. "Have you no word of welcome for me Reginald?" she said, tremulously.

"Nahraini, my dear little girl—there is some mistake, surely," he answered, hopelessly, putting out his shaking hand.

"What does this mean?" Maxwell demanded. "Is she a friend of yours, sir?"

Reginald nodded, and kept his hold of the little hand, and Maxwell grew red in the face as the possibility of the truth suggested itself to his well-balanced brain. "Why don't you speak up," he said, testily. "What in heaven's name do you want, madam?"

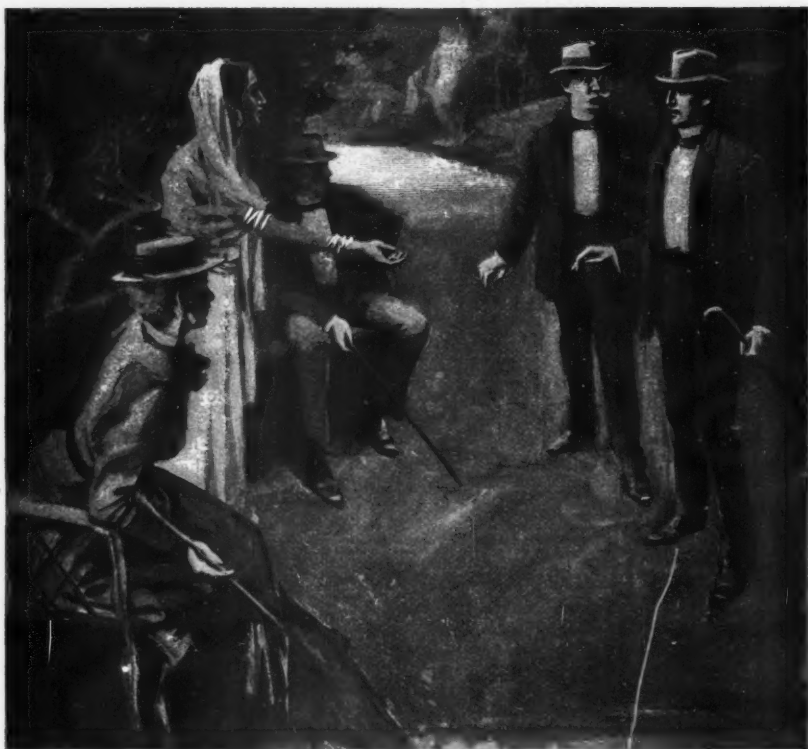
"He is my husband," Nahraini answered, with indescribable dignity, as any queen might have proclaimed her incontestible right.

"Your husband! Is the woman crazy? Speak out, man, and set yourself straight; for, by heaven, I'll go to the bottom of this thing."

Nahraini turned to him in righteous anger, and held up the seal of the bond between them, and Maxwell's face turned from livid to purple in wave-like succession. "What is he to you? Are you his father?" she asked.

"No, but I am the father of his promised wife, and if there has been double-dealing here India won't be big enough to hold him."

Nahraini drew herself erect to her splendid height, and the queenly head went back proudly; but when she saw the trouble in Derrington's eyes her mood melted to unspeakable tenderness. "Is it true, Reginald," she entreated plaintively.



"WHEN NAHRAINI SAW HIM SHE ROSE WITH OUTSTRETCHED HAND."

His silence confirmed the terrible possibility beyond a doubt. She drew a breath of stifled pain, and caught her under lip between her little white teeth to force back the pent-up emotions that struggled tumultuously within her heaving bosom. "If it had been known to me," she said, "I had not obtruded your peace—not for all the wealth of the world. I would be last to take from your joy, dear one. It must make no difference—I will go right away."

Maxwell turned and looked at her, with slowly dawning comprehension of the magnitude of her sacrifice; and Mary put one trembling hand on Reginald's.

"I do not love you like that, Reginald," she said, softly. "To forgive you, and love you, and leave you is the completest sacrifice a woman could make. You are not worthy of her, but you must take her and try to become so. She laid her hand on her father's arm, and drew him away.

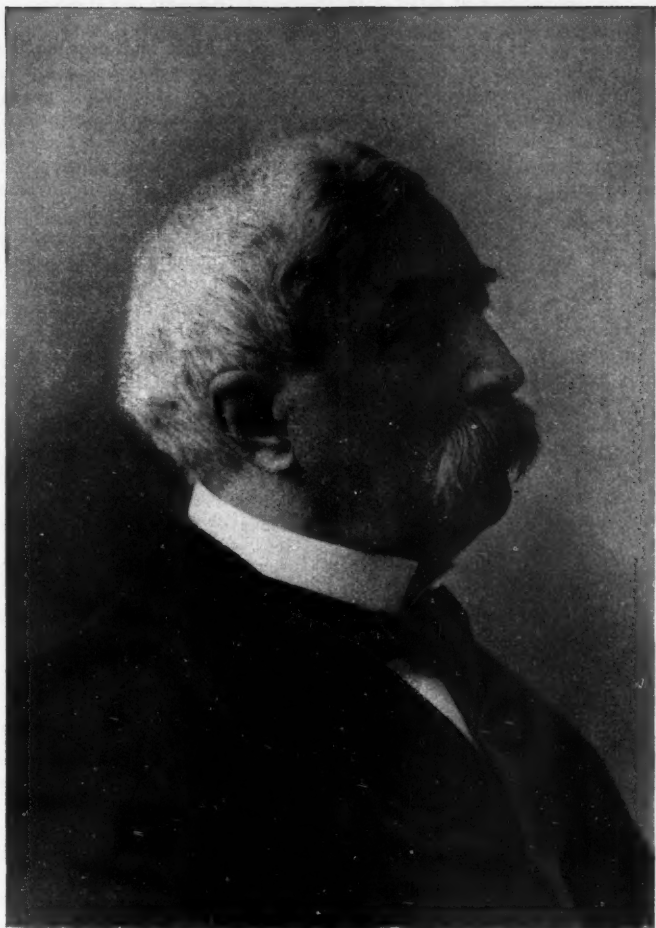
Derrington came in late that night, dusty and tired with hard riding across country on official business to which he had been delegated at the last moment. Neither of us spoke until the sais brought in the long delayed mail.

"Pardon the lateness of the hour," he said, deferentially. "There has been an accident at the station—a woman was killed at the crossing. It was not the guard's fault, but he fears that complaint may be made. The Sahib will perhaps put in a word for him."

"Did you see the woman?" I asked, obeying the mute appeal of Derrington's eyes.

"Yes, Sahib. She was a native woman, no one knows who. She wore a long blue cloak, and a dress of white with golden trimmings; and on her hand was a ring such as the Sahib wears."

Derrington rose and went out into the stilly night.



THOMAS JAY HUDSON, LL. D.

Photo by Chickering.

EVOLUTION AND THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

BY THOMAS JAY HUDSON, LL. D.

Author of "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," etc.

“WHAT has science to say of the question that I am requested to Spanish-American war?” is the answer for the readers of this magazine.

In reply to this question much might be said of the role which science has played in the creation of the modern weapons and

appliances of offensive and defensive warfare, and of the scientific training required to enable our soldiers and sailors to handle those weapons and appliances as effectively as they were handled at Manila and Santiago. In this connection it would be easy to show that, in modern times,

the victories of war, as of peace, are *organized* in the laboratories of the inductive sciences; the obvious corollary of this proposition being that, other things being equal, the most scientific nations are, in peace the most enlightened, and in war the most potential.

Again, a sermon might be preached, taking for a text the words of the Master:

"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword."

In this connection it would be easy also to show, in terms not less scientifically and historically exact, that the intuitional perceptions of the Man of Peace enabled him to foresee that the higher Christian civilization, which it was his mission to inaugurate, could not be successfully engrafted upon human society by means less drastic and potential than the sword. It would be easy to show that history has amply verified his intuitions; that in less than four hundred years from the time when he uttered those words of pregnant portent, Constantine seized the Christian emblem, and, amidst blood and carnage, planted it forever upon the soil of ancient Rome; that four hundred years later, Charlemagne continued the work of subjugating by fire and sword, the anti-Christian nations surrounding the Empire; that Europe was Christianized, and modern civilization was rendered possible by means of devastating war; and that in later times the Anglo-Saxon has snatched the torch of human progress from hands no longer able to bear it, and is now engaged in carrying Christian civilization to earth's remotest bounds on ships of commerce and of war.

I am aware that such a sermon would not be pleasing to the peace societies, and many an amiable clergyman would shrink from a recital of the steps by which the highest civilization on earth has been evolved from pagan idolatry. Nor would it comfort him to reflect that the historical facts are but concrete verifications of the intuitions of the Master; and still less would it please the peace societies to be reminded that the Inquisition did its greatest work in times of peace. It was an organized infamy, to be sure, dear to the

Spanish heart and possible only to the Spanish character; but it did its share of the work of eliminating paganism from continental Europe, nevertheless.

It is not my purpose, however, to make more than a passing allusion to the themes here suggested. The first is being exhaustively treated in various publications; and the second is alluded to for the reason that it bears an intimate relation to the theme which I propose to discuss.

Evolution, as every one knows, is a process in which, by a series of progressive changes, a complex arrangement, agency, or organism, is developed from rude or simple beginnings.

Thus, we have the evolution of plant and animal life, which is termed organic evolution. Beginning with a unicellular organism, microscopic in size, science traces the gradual development of animal life up to man. At that point the long series of progressive changes comes to an abrupt termination; for the highest possible development of organic life has been reached.

Evolution thenceforward proceeds in the direction of the development and improvement of the human race. Hence, we have mental, social, political, and spiritual evolution; or, in other words, the evolution of civilization from savagery.

Now one of the prime factors in the process of organic evolution is universal death. The great law is the "survival of the fittest;" and this can be brought about only by means of the death of the unfit, for the obvious reason that but for the factor of universal death the earth would soon be overpopulated.

The prime factor in the economy of Nature that brings about the death of the unfit, is universal warfare. Nature is prodigal of life, even to a prodigious wastefulness. With but few exceptions, every species of animals obtains its food by preying upon other species which are inferior in strength or sagacity. This warfare is carried on with relentless energy on land and in the ocean. It is the process of evolution. It is the agency by which each and every onward and upward step was made possible in the progressive development of animal life from the monera to man.

These are a few of the elementary facts

of organic evolution with which everybody is familiar. What I propose to show is that war is just as essential as a factor in the evolution of civilization as it is in organic evolution, and for precisely the same reasons; that, as every onward and upward step in the progressive development of animal life has been rendered possible by means of the slaughter of the unfit, thus making room for the existence and development of the higher orders, so does all history show that every great onward and upward step that has ever been taken in the evolution of civilization has been the direct or indirect result of successful war.

I propose to show, further, that the Spanish-American war is, potentially, the most gigantic stride that has ever been taken in the evolution of Christian civilization; that it was taken in the orderly sequence of progressive human development, and finally, that the Anglo-Saxon nations are the only ones who are, morally and intellectually, capable of taking this step or of appreciating its significance. If science demonstrates any one thing more clearly than another it is that everything that happens in Nature is brought about by and through the operation of universal and immutable law; and no one needs to be told that little substantial progress can be made in the investigation of the phenomena of Nature until the fundamental law pertaining to the subject under investigation is discovered and formulated. Nor does any one need to be reminded that when that law is discovered it is generally found to be simple to the last degree, and easily formulated and understood. The fundamental laws governing the processes of evolution constitute no exception to the rule. They lie upon the surface, and every one easily recognizes them, at least so far as organic evolution is concerned.

For instance, everybody knows that the instinct of self-preservation, together with its concomitant, the instinct of reproduction, constitute the grand, primary agency that renders organic evolution possible. But the fact is not so generally recognized that precisely the same agency, modified only by environment and development, is the prime factor in the evolution of all

civilization worthy of the name. That is to say, that instinct which causes the protozoan to react to stimuli, to seek and obtain nourishment, and to reproduce itself by segmentation, carried to its highest expression, is the active and responsible agency in the development of the highest possible altruistic civilization.

This instinct in the protozoa, and many of the lower animals was directed solely to the individual. That is to say, no care was bestowed by the parent upon its young. It required a comparatively high order of development to institute the change in that respect that gradually took place. But the time came when the instinct of self-preservation was directed toward the preservation of the species by protecting the young.

And it is now to be noted that it was when this change took place that there was a universal declaration of war. It was a war of species against species, and the strongest survived. The days of peace were ended.

And it may here be further noted that peace in this world is largely confined to the lowest orders of animals, to certain savage tribes in a few of the tropical islands of the Pacific and to the hysterical dreams of the peace societies. It exists among animals that have no weapons to fight with; and among those insular savages whose food is supplied by Nature's spontaneous bounty, and with whom a breech-clout is a wardrobe of exceptional extravagance. It is advocated in civilized communities largely by those whose morbid emotions disqualify them for following the intuitions of the Master, or for appreciating the virility and manly aggressiveness of him who scourged the desecraters of the Temple.

When man appeared upon the earth he continued the war upon the same lines and for the same reasons. The instinct of self-preservation was the all-compelling motive. The prime necessity of life was food; and so long as that was obtainable only by the chase, or seizing it wherever found, quarrels and blood-shed were inevitable. The fiercest fighters, of course, obtained the most food and survived the struggle.

As men grew in intelligence it became

evident to them that social organization and co-operation would give permanency to the possession of what they acquired. The family, which is necessarily the social unit, was the first. Then came the tribe, and all who could trace their origin to a common ancestor banded together for mutual protection. It was the instinct of self-preservation in another form—a broader development. They soon learned that fighting within the tribe weakened its capacity for defense, and hence fidelity and forbearance and mutual helpfulness became a necessity. It was thus that mankind took its first steps in the practice of altruism.

Meantime warfare between tribes continued with unabated fury; and again the stronger survived and the weaker perished.

In due course of time populations increased to such an extent that fish, game, and the indigenous fruits no longer supplied the necessary food; and the more intelligent tribes began to cultivate the soil and to keep flocks and herds. And thus another element of strength was added to the more intelligent tribes; for by these means a greater population could find subsistence upon a given area of territory. But the warfare continued, and the fittest survived.

Then trade and commerce began, and theretofore hostile tribes began to exchange products. Thus they learned that their interests in reality did not conflict; but that, on the contrary, they could best protect themselves and each other by broader alliances, based on mutual concessions and interchange of commodities. Thus communities were formed by an aggregation of tribes; and eventually states were evolved by an aggregation of communities; and finally great nations came into being by an aggregation of states.

Now all these aggregations had the same psychological origin, namely, in the instinct of self-preservation. It manifested itself in the union of individual forces for the protection of the whole, and the forces thus organized were for offensive and defensive war. Were this not true the organized tribe, community, state or nation would be as helpless and impotent for any good purpose as a flock of sheep surrounded by wolves.

In a civilized community this instinct of self-preservation is manifested in two ways:

The first is by protecting the young and the aged, the sick and the poor. We call it "altruism." It finds expression in eleemosynary institutions. But it is the higher outgrowth of the same instinct that caused the tribe to protect its own members as a means of conserving its own energies.

The second is manifested in that emotional love of one's own people and country which we denominate "patriotism," and which finds its most pronounced expression in the instinctive springing to arms of a whole nation, each man ready to lay down his life for the preservation of his country and its institutions. It is, however, but a higher expression of the same emotional instinct which inspired and impelled the banding together of families into tribes, tribes into communities and communities into states. Obviously it is an emotion that broadens and deepens with enlightenment; and, as I shall attempt to show hereinafter, its intensity and universality, as manifested in the courage and valor of a people, are exactly proportioned to the beneficence of the institutions which they are called upon to defend.

Thus far in the history of advancing civilization, the highest national expression of the instinctive emotion which we have been considering has been in the patriotism of the people of the greater nations. It is the result of an intelligent realization of the truth that the safety and the highest interests of each unit of the body politic are best conserved by providing for the common defence and promoting the general welfare.

This has in it many of the essential elements of pure altruism; but it is, at best, the highest expression of what, for the want of a better term, may be denominated "ego-altruism," which I define as that instinctive impulse which prompts us to do good to others because we are aware that the act will, directly or indirectly, redound to our own benefit.

It is obvious, therefore, that the most exalted patriotism of the people of the most altruistic nations, is still lacking the essential element of pure altruism; although

as before remarked, it is the highest national development of that sentiment that has heretofore been reached. Assuming, as we must, that Christian civilization has not yet reached its culmination, it is evident that a broader national altruism than has heretofore found expression is essential to the attainment of that object.

That the declaration of war against Spain was the expression of a national altruistic sentiment far higher than that of mere patriotism, broader than the geographical metes and bounds of this nation, and far transcending the limits of race and tongue, is a proposition that cannot be successfully controverted.

It was a war without a parallel or precedent in history. It was the first time in the history of civilization that one nation has taken up arms against another on purely humanitarian principles. It is the first time that a great and powerful nation has poured out its best blood and treasure in behalf of an oppressed and helpless people, of an alien race, in a spirit of purest altruism—without reward or hope of reward. It was not a politicians' war. It was the people's war. If the question had been left to the politicians who are controlled by the money power, Spain would still be waging a war of extermination upon the helpless and the innocent, and this country would have enjoyed the blessings of continued peace at the price of infamy. It was not a war of revenge; although the assassination of 266 of our sailors, presumably by order of the Spanish government, was a sufficient provocation; and doubtless our soldiers and sailors have been inspired with a noble rage by the battle cry of "Remember the Maine." But practically the whole population of this country, long before the Maine was destroyed, had demanded war in the name and cause of humanity.

I assume, therefore, provisionally, first, that the Spanish-American war was the inevitable outcome of an instinctive altruism, pregnant in the hearts of the American people; and, secondly, that, if this is true, it follows that the war occurred in the natural order of the evolutionary development of human civilization. In other words, the whole subject is within the domain of

Natural law—a higher law than human enactments—the law of progressive development, implanted in the primordial germ.

It will now be in order to inquire what evidences exist which warrant the supposition that the declaration of war against Spain was a step in the natural order of progressive development of civilization, and that it was not, therefore, the result of a spasm of hysterical imbecility on the part of the American people. For, just as surely as that right is not wrong, just so certain it is that one or the other of these suppositions is true.

In pursuing this inquiry it will be taken for granted that, if the highest ideals of a perfect civilization are ever reached, or approached, it must be the result of a broader altruism than has heretofore found expression in the acts of any nation of the earth, civilized or savage. This narrows the inquiry down to the question whether, in the natural order of evolutionary development, this nation is prepared to take an onward and upward step in the direction indicated.

To answer this question practically, as well as theoretically, it will be necessary to inquire, first, whether the evolutionary facts pertaining to our development thus far, warrant the assumption that we are, morally and altruistically, prepared to take this step; and, secondly, what other nations, if any, are sufficiently developed on the same lines to warrant us in counting upon adequate moral and practical sympathy and support.

It is elementary to say that in the realm of organic evolution the most rapid development of physical life, from the lower to the higher organisms, takes place in the most favorable physical environment.

It is equally obvious that evolution in the mental, moral, political, philosophical, or religious realms, makes the most rapid and substantial progress in the environment most favorable to mental growth and the development of moral, political, philosophical or religious ideas. It is also self-evident that in the realm of ideas the most favorable environment is an atmosphere of truth. No substantial, permanent progress can be made on any other lines or in any other environment. That is to

say, the central, fundamental idea of every system must have a solid basis of truth or it can sustain nothing more than an ephemeral existence. On the other hand, any system that has as its basis a great, fundamental truth, which is of vital interest to humanity, is immortal. It matters not how small, and crude and humble its origin may have been, it will survive "the wrecks of matter and the crush of worlds."

Thus, the Christian religion had its origin with a poor, despised, nomadic race. The central idea was monotheism,—the idea of one God, the creator and ruler of the universe. Crude and anthropomorphic as it was in its inception, it contained the germ of a vital, essential truth. Surrounded, as the Israelites were, by hostile, polytheistic nations far more powerful than they, and much more highly cultivated, that germ fructified nevertheless. Neither persecution, captivity, slavery nor exile could blot out, or weaken the force of that grand central idea of the omnipotence of the one living God.

The intuitions of the Man of Nazareth perfected the central idea, divested it of its anthropomorphism and its limitations, and proclaimed the God of love, mercy and benevolence—the Father of all mankind.

I mention this fact merely as an illustration of the persistency of fundamental truth. Monotheism is the germinal idea of all the religions of civilized humanity.

What is, however, more to our present purpose, is the principle of altruism that was regnant in the heart and soul of Jesus, and the influence which that principle has exerted in the development of civilization. His whole idea of the duty of man to his fellow man may be expressed in that one word; and the experience of mankind since his day is demonstrative that it is the germinal idea of all Christian civilization. Moreover, it is demonstrable that a causal relationship exists between altruism and all that contributes to prosperity in peace and potency in war; for it is a notable fact that every upward step in the evolution of civilization, since the days of Jesus, has been the result of a clearer and clearer recognition of the natural rights of man. Moreover, the grade and permanency of the civilization of each nation has been, and

is now, exactly proportional to its practical recognition of those rights.

The steps in the evolution of altruistic government may be outlined in a very few words.

Previous to the days of the Roman Empire, when states, or great political aggregations were formed by the conquest of weaker tribes by the stronger, the conquered tribe or province was reduced, practically, if not actually, to a state of abject slavery. This, of course, was a source of weakness rather than of strength, and rapid degeneration was the inevitable result.

The Roman Empire was the first notable example of a departure from this rule. That is to say, it was the first to attempt to treat conquered provinces or tribes with anything approaching a spirit of altruism. That great empire became mistress of the civilized world, and maintained its supremacy for many years, by adopting the policy of incorporating its conquered tribes into the great body politic and gradually admitting them to a share in the government.

It was a grand conception for that day and age of the world. It was a gigantic step in advance; and it owed its strength to its one element of altruism,—its partial recognition of the natural rights of man.

But it lacked the potentiality of stability and permanency for two reasons. One was because its civilization was not far enough advanced to provide weapons of offensive and defensive warfare that were superior to those of the barbarous tribes surrounding them. This was an element of weakness, because the enervating influences of Roman civilization placed its people at a disadvantage in a contest with the more vigorous hordes of northern barbarians.

The other reason was of far greater, and of more lasting, importance.

There was one step in the evolution of human government that was yet necessary,—one concession to the rights of man that was essential to the stability of any federation of provinces or states not entirely homogeneous. That step was the device of representation. The world was not prepared for it then; and many years were to elapse before a people could be sufficiently

developed, intellectually and altruistically, to conceive the idea and try the experiment.

It was reserved for the Anglo-Saxon to take that great step, and to demonstrate to the world, affirmatively, that, for an intelligent, Christian people, the best, the most stable, and the most progressive human government is that which accords the most practical and complete recognition of the rights of man.

The history of the English Parliament is the history of the evolution of representative government in this world. It is a singular fact, however, that representative government seems to have been indigenous to the soil of Great Britain. Long before the time of William the Conqueror the germs of representative government, as it now exists, were deeply implanted in the customs of the people. Indeed, that monarch sought to supplant the native polity by the advanced and absolute feudalism which he brought from his native land. But in doing so he raised up a power which eventually wrested from his successors the absolute dominion which he exercised. His barons, to whom he had granted enormous tracts of land in return for military service and fealty, soon became so rich and powerful that they were enabled to successfully resist the tyranny of the king. They it was who wrested from King John the great charter of Runnymede, since known as "Magna Charta,"—the boasted bulwark of English liberty. It was, indeed, a great step in advance; for it was the first successful attempt, since the days of William the Conqueror, to limit the absolute power of the crown. It seems to-day but a very small step in advance, when we compare it with what has since been accomplished; for it was merely a successful resistance of the nobility to the despotism of kings. But it it was a great step, nevertheless, in that it was the first, and in that it was in the right direction. Many were yet to be taken before representative government was finally recognized and confirmed as the heritage of the Anglo-Saxon. The right of trial by jury was next to follow, and in due time came the House of Commons.

The history of that body constitutes a

most instructive object lesson in the evolution of human freedom. It is too long to recite in this connection; and it must suffice to say that every step in the evolution of the House of Commons was a distinct gain for freedom, for humanity, for the right of the people to govern themselves through their chosen representatives.

I need not remind the American reader that, at a critical period in the evolution of the House of Commons, the people of this country took up the problem of self government and carried it to its legitimate conclusion. Nor will it be denied by any of the English speaking people that we have taught many good and wholesome lessons in the science of self-government to the mother country.

But it must not be forgotten that the germs of our own free institutions, civil and religious, legislative, executive and judicial, were firmly implanted in the English constitution centuries before our country had an existence. It is true that their executive is a hereditary monarchy; but it is also true that it is hedged about by such constitutional limitations that the actual arbitrary power possessed by the monarchs of Great Britain is far less than that which resides in the hands of the President of the United States.

This, however, is not an important feature of the situation. The salient point is that the two governments are alike in every *essential* feature. That is to say, they are alike in every feature that stands for human progress, for human liberty, for the rights of man. It matters little how the executive of a nation is chosen so long as he is hedged about by constitutional limitations that render it impossible for him to subvert the will of the popular branch of the government.

It is unnecessary to enumerate the steps that, in modern times, have been taken by this and other English speaking countries, in the direction of free institutions and the higher altruism, in form and purpose, of civil government. It is sufficient in invite attention to the fact that the Anglo-Saxon nations are the only ones that have yet risen to the higher plane of altruism in governmental polity. There are other republics than ours, in form; but without ex-

ception they are military despotisms in fact. There are other constitutional monarchies than that of Great Britain, nominally; but in fact there is not another on earth whose sovereign and parliament are alike responsible to the people for their conduct.

It is obvious, therefore, that if there is a nation in existence whose people have, in the natural order of evolutionary development, risen to a plane of altruistic sentiment high enough and broad enough to embrace suffering humanity outside of its own domain, it must be one or both of the great Anglo-Saxon nations.

That this nation has been the first to assume the responsibility of giving practical expression to this all-embracing altruistic sentiment, is current history. *Prima facie*, therefore, we were prepared; and if prepared, it was a duty; for it is a maxim of Christian ethics that it is the duty of every Christian nation to do whatever it may safely do for the promotion of Christian civilization throughout the world.

It remains, then, to inquire what further evidences exist that we were prepared to take this final step in the process of evolution. In doing so there are two points of view from which the question must be considered, namely (1) the psychological and (2) the material or practical.

Considering the question from the psychological side, it will be sufficient for our purpose if we find that the altruistic emotion which prompted this nation to declare war against Spain in the cause of humanity, was instinctive with the great masses of the people.

As we have already seen, every step in the evolution of civilization is characterized by an ever broadening altruism. It is also true that the altruistic sentiment which characterizes each step is developed into an instinctive emotion. Thus, the ego-altruism that impels a man to preserve the lives of his family, is as truly an instinct as that of individual self-preservation. The altruistic sentiment that impels the savage to protect the lives of his tribe is also instinctive; for until it has developed into an instinct it cannot be said to be characteristic of the tribal relation. The same is true of every step in the ascent—the community, the state, the nation. Until the altruism

which impels the people to defend their community, state or nation, is so far developed as to become an instinctive emotion, it cannot be said to be characteristic of that people.

Darwin says that intelligent actions, after being performed several generations, are converted into instincts, and are then inherited. This is a universal law, and it especially pertains to actions which are preservative of the species.

Obviously, therefore, what has been said of the instinctive character of the lower, must also be true of that higher, altruism of which our declaration of war with Spain was the first example; and that it is, therefore, the same instinct of self preservation extended into higher realms, and promotive of nobler objects. It is, in fact, a striking illustration of the psychological axiom, that the lowest instincts or emotions of animals or of men, properly directed and normally developed, are converted into the noblest impulses, and are promotive of the highest aspirations, of which men or angels are capable.

There is one supreme test by which all men may know when the instinctive stage has been reached in any of the grades we have considered. That test is war. When the whole people are ready to fight for a principle,—when every able-bodied man is ready to offer his services in defence of a sentiment, that principle or sentiment is an instinctive emotion, characteristic of that people; and it is always of supreme potentiality. Thus, when patriotism becomes an instinctive emotion with the people of a state or a nation, they are all just as ready to fight for that state or nation as they are to defend their own lives, their families, or their firesides. A call for volunteers, therefore, is the crucial test of the instinctive patriotism of a people. No people can be said to be truly patriotic if conscription is necessary to enable their government to raise an army for any purpose whatever.

A call for volunteers is a supreme test of another vital question pertaining to the progress of civilization. The history of modern civilization shows that a call for volunteers is responded to with an alacrity exactly proportioned to the beneficence of

the government which issues the call. That is to say, if a government is of the people, for the people, and by the people, there is never a necessity for that government to resort to conscription to raise an army for a foreign war. If this proposition is true it is a corollary that the most altruistic nations of the world to-day are the most warlike.

That it is true is evidenced by every fact of modern history pertaining to the subject. Let us see. As I have before pointed out, the Anglo-Saxons are the only people on earth whose rulers are directly responsible to the people. "The greatest good to the greatest number" is a purely Anglo-Saxon polity. The consequence is that the Anglo-Saxon nations are never compelled to resort to conscription for the purpose of raising an army either to repel invasion or to prosecute a foreign war.

On the other hand, there is not one nation in Continental Europe who could raise a corporal's guard by a call for volunteers to defend its soil from the invasion of a foreign foe, to say nothing of prosecuting a foreign war in defence of a great humanitarian principle.

It must not be forgotten in this connection that the people of a nation are not necessarily warlike because they are governed by a military despotism. On the contrary, the two are incompatible. Hence it is axiomatic that an intelligent, brave and warlike people cannot be permanently governed by a military despotism. The people of military nations therefore, are not necessarily either warlike or brave.

I repeat, therefore, with added emphasis, that the most warlike people in the civilized world are those who enjoy the highest and greatest measure of Christian civilization. In other words, the people whose institutions, civil, political and religious, are characterized by the broadest altruism, are the bravest and most warlike of civilized mankind.

That in saying this I have not mistaken the cause for the effect, is amply illustrated and fully confirmed by certain well-known facts concerning the immigrants to this country from Continental Europe. Leaving out of consideration the atavic

degenerates of Latin lineage,* it is well known that many of our European immigrants have taken refuge in this country to escape conscription in their native land. It is also a historical fact that many of those same immigrants, after they have become acquainted with our institutions and have enjoyed for a few years the blessings of a beneficent government, have been prompt and eager to enlist in our armies and to shed their blood in defense of our free institutions.

These are facts of the current history of human civilization. Neither the parietic Peace Society of Pennsylvania nor the anæmic "Anti-Imperialist League" of Massachusetts, can deny them; although either society can be depended upon to show that it is all wrong, and that a grievous mistake was made when the law of evolution was instituted. Nevertheless, it is God's method of promoting the evolutionary development of Christian civilization. Moreover, the facts are demonstrative that, as I pointed out in the beginning, the law of human evolutionary development is the same as that which prevails in the evolution of animal life, namely, the survival of the fittest through superior skill and prowess in war.

Without attempting at this time to forecast the distant future, or to estimate the ultimate effects of the changed situation, it is already sufficiently apparent that the good effects which the war has had upon this nation far outweighs its cost to us in blood and treasure. It has done for us what no mere form of government, however beneficent in theory or practice it might be, could ever accomplish. It has done for us what our constitution, perfectly as it is adapted to the necessities of a free people, could never have done in perfection. It has thoroughly unified the American people. It has stricken from our political vocabulary the words "North" and "South," "East" and "West." In other words it has obliterated sectional lines, and

* I leave the Latin nations out of consideration in this connection for the reason that they can no longer be considered as potential factors in the evolutionary development of civilization. They serve only as painful, though instructive, illustrations of atavism, degeneracy, and congenital infamy aggravated by imbecility. In their day they played their part in the great world drama of Evolution; but they reached their highest stage of possible development centuries ago.

demonstrated that true Americanism, courage, fortitude and valor are qualities that are not monopolized by any section, nor are they exclusive heritage of any condition, social or financial, denominational or educational.

Moreover, it has unified the American people on a far higher plane than the sentiment of mere patriotism could have done. No question of public policy, no ordinary international complication, could have so perfectly united the people of this country as the Spanish-American war has united them.

To sum up, in a few words, from the psychological view-point, it may be safely affirmed that history does not record an instance of greater unanimity in the demand of the people of one nation for war with another, than was exhibited by the people of this country for a war with Spain. Nor does history record an instance where a call for volunteers was responded to with more enthusiastic alacrity or instinctive spontaneity, than was manifested by all classes and conditions of people in every state and territory in this broad land.

These facts alone constitute presumptive evidence that the emotion which prompted this spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm arises from a deeply-rooted principle of universal altruism that is regnant and instinctive in the hearts of the American people. It rises to the dignity of conclusive evidence, and invests the phenomenon with a world-wide significance, when coupled with the fact that it has unified the Anglo-Saxon people of the whole world.

So true and so genuine and so universal has been the sympathy, and so potential has been the moral support that has been extended to us by English speaking people everywhere, that other nations have believed that a secret treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, existed between this country and Great Britain.

Without undertaking to either affirm or deny the possible existence of such an understanding, it must be said that no formal treaty is required to cement the union of Anglo-Saxon nations. They are already bound together by a greater than a treaty-making power. A higher law than statutes or constitutions has decreed their

union. The Creator Himself, who stamped upon the primordial germ the promise and potency of a human soul, is responsible for the union. The same law of evolutionary development that directed and impelled the forces of organic life toward the evolution of the highest possible physical organism, is, in like manner, directing and impelling Nature's moral forces toward the evolution of the highest possible civilization. The ultimate goal of organic evolution was man. The ultimate goal of moral evolution on this earth is universal altruism. As we have already seen, the law of development is the same,—the survival of the fittest through the death or subjugation of the unfit. So does that other law prevail, that Nature's forces operate with greatest potency on lines of least resistance; which is but a generalization of the axiom that evolutionary development attains its maximum rate of progress in the most favorable environment. Another axiom of immediate pertinency as that Nature, in a favoring environment, always concentrates and unites identical or cognate forces wherever resistance is to be overcome. Thus, rivulets, in their progress toward the ocean, thread devious ways until a favoring environment enables them to unite their forces, when they become irresistible, and are never afterwards separated as long as resistance remains to be overcome.

In like manner the two great Anglo-Saxon nations have united their moral forces for the promotion of the great object which we have been considering. Those forces can never again be disunited. Nothing but a fatuity born of atavism could even retard the movement toward a perfect union. Nothing can prevent its ultimate accomplishment, or disunite the forces thus united, so long as the great law of evolutionary development controls the forces of an advancing Christian civilization.

The environment in which the civilization of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race has been evolved has been identical in all essential particulars. A common origin, language, literature, jurisprudence and religion, have necessarily engendered identical ideas, principles, ambitions and aspirations. But this fact, *per se*,

is of secondary importance, and would possess no significance whatever were it not for the antecedent fact that, ingrained in the Anglo-Saxon nature is a passionate love of personal liberty, a hatred of official tyranny, and a hereditary devotion to those principles of government which accord the largest recognition of the rights of the masses. These, joined with an intelligence that is commensurate with the requirements of popular government, and a courage that is always equal to the occasion when his rights are invaded, are the heritage of the Anglo-Saxon, and constitute the dominating factors in his progressive development.

Thus endowed by Nature, favored by environment, and qualified by education and experience, the Anglo-Saxon race stands forth to-day, united and defiant, the embodiment of Christian civilization, the promoter of human progress, and the champion of civil liberty and the rights of man against the world.

The practical side of the question remains to be considered. To that end it must be assumed, provisionally, that the facts thus far enumerated show, with tolerable clearness, that, morally and intellectually, the Anglo-Saxon nations are well equipped and prepared to enter upon a higher and broader plane of development. This being conceded, it is a question to the last degree important whether those nations are supplied with the necessary material resources to enable them to give practical expression to the broader altruism beyond the boundaries of their own domains. Or, to put it in more concrete form, are the united Anglo-Saxon nations possessed of sufficient brawn and muscle, courage and cannon, altruism and iron-clads, to plant the seeds of Christian civilization wherever the hand of Providence points out a missionary field? For the Napoleonic axiom still holds good, that, "other things being equal, God is always on the side of the army having the heaviest ordnance."

In pursuing this inquiry it is first in order to ascertain what other nations there are, if any, that have so far progressed in civilization, on the lines indicated, to be able to sympathize with and give moral

support to any rational movement calculated to extend the area of Christian civilization.

Speaking in general terms, it must be confessed that if there is one nation in Continental Europe that is capable of understanding or appreciating the possibility of such a thing as an unselfish national impulse, to say nothing of waging a war for humanity, that nation has failed to reveal the possession of that capacity. Never having had any experience in governmental altruism, either in form or substance, it would have been strange indeed if they could have comprehended it in others. It was, therefore, just as natural that Continental Europe should instinctively extend its sympathy to Spain, condoning if not approving her manifold infamies, as it was for England, by the same instinctive impulse, to extend to us her sympathy and her moral support. It was an instinctive national impulse on both sides. And that is what invests the situation with a profound philosophical and scientific significance; for it is the crucial measure of the value and potency of free institutions as factors in the evolutionary development of humanity.

A more specific method of expressing the true situation, and one which in itself conveys a lesson of profound significance, is by classifying the civilized nations into two grand divisions. There are several methods of doing this on lines causal and consequential.

1. The first is by embracing in one class all nations whose officials are ultimately responsible to the people; and all other nations in the other class.

2. The second is by embracing all nations in one class whose people are capable of self-government; and all others in the other class. This, however, is substantially identical with the first method; for it is axiomatic that any people who are capable of doing so, will govern themselves.

3. The third method is by placing in one class all nations whose people stand ever ready, without conscription, to fight for their country and its institutions; and all others in the other class.

4. The fourth method is to classify all nations in one division whose people have

so far progressed in Christian civilization as to be willing to take up arms in defence of a great humanitarian principle, and in behalf of an oppressed, though alien people.

The profoundly significant feature of these classifications is that the four lines of division are, not simply parallel, but they are coincident—identical. That is to say, the Anglo-Saxon nations are all on the one side of the coincident lines, and all other nations are on the other.

This fact alone is as demonstrative as the simplest problem in mathematics that the characteristics thus enumerated bear a causal relation to each other. That is to say, the highest altruism, the most exalted Christian civilization can only be developed in those nations whose people are capable of self-government, who are habituated to self-government, and who are, to the last degree, virile, progressive and warlike.

Other classifications might be made on the same coincident lines, did time permit. For instance, the Anglo-Saxon nations are the richest of the civilized world. This is the result of another causal line of division, namely, the Anglo-Saxons are the only people who have approximately solved the problem of foreign and domestic commerce on altruistic lines.

Again, the Anglo-Saxon nations are the only ones who have approached a solution of the problems of successful colonization. In other words, they are the only people whose guns are surcharged with the seeds of Christian civilization, whose sword is "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," whose commerce and beneficent institutions follow their flag, and whose "victories of peace," in Christian or in heathen lands, "are no less renowned than war."

The question of national wealth and resources is the only one remaining to be considered. The facts pertinent to this inquiry may be summed up in a few words.

The Anglo-Saxon nations are the greatest on earth in all the essential elements that make up an aggregation of wealth, intelligence and military potentiality.

Our own wealth is seven times greater than that of Spain, double that of Germany, two and a half times greater than that of Russia, nearly double that of

France, equal to the combined wealth of Russia, Italy, Austria and Spain, and twenty-two thousand and seven hundred and twenty millions of dollars larger than that of Great Britain.

The combined wealth of the United States and Great Britain is more than twenty thousand millions of dollars greater than the combined wealth of France, Germany and Russia. It is nearly equal to the combined wealth of France, Germany, Russia and Austria. It is sixty-five thousand seven hundred and fifty millions greater than that of all the Latin nations combined. It is eleven thousand and forty-five millions greater than the combined wealth of France, Russia, Austria, Italy and Spain.

The combined naval and military potentiality of the United States and Great Britain, when compared with that of the powers of Continental Europe, is even greater than their comparative wealth.

The available military force of this nation is more than ten millions of the finest specimens of manhood the world has ever known. In point of fact, after we had created an army large enough to annihilate the Spanish nation we still had at home ten millions of men, just as able, just as willing, just as anxious to shoulder their muskets in defense of their flag as were those who were first in the field.

It is not alone in numbers that the military strength of America and England consists. Its greatest potentiality lies in the educated and lofty patriotism of the masses of the people.

The private soldier of Continental Europe enters the army because he is compelled to enter it. He fights because he must, or do worse.

The British and the American soldier enters the army because he loves his country, reveres her institutions, and worships her flag. If a hundred thousand Anglo-Saxon soldiers are called for, five hundred thousand struggle for places on the first muster roll. And when the fight begins, and volunteers are called for to undertake desperate enterprises, every man who hears the call rushes forward to offer his services.

History tells us that this characteristic is virtually monopolized by the Anglo-Saxon

soldier and sailor. Other nations have produced their heroes, and history records their deeds of noble daring and patriotic devotion.

The history of Greece tells us of the brave defenders of the pass at Thermopylae; and the legendary Lays of Ancient Rome tell us "how well Horatius kept the bridge in the brave days of old." But those deeds were performed in defense of country, of home, of family, of fireside. It requires a far nobler courage, a loftier spirit of self-abnegation, to perform such deeds in an aggressive warfare in support of a great humanitarian principle. And hence it was that thousands of years of evolutionary development were required to bridge the space between Thermopylae and Santiago,—between Horatius and Hobson.

It would be a work of supererogation to point out the duties and responsibilities which the changed situation has entailed upon this nation. One word, however, must be said in reply to the charge that we have converted a war that was begun for humanity into one for conquest.

To this it must be replied that the unforeseen acquisition of Porto Rico and the Philippines was but another illustration of the orderly processes of evolutionary development.

The old saying that, "it is the unexpected that always happens," applies with astonishing uniformity to the processes of evolutionary development of humanity. Especially is this true of wars prosecuted in vindication of right against wrong. Other things being equal, it invariably happens that the unexpected results of such wars are of infinitely greater importance as factors in the evolution of civilization than the accomplishment of the primary objects sought. Our own history provides ample illustrations.

Thus, a war which had its inception in a resistance to an unjust tax on tea, resulted in the Declaration of Independence and ended in the creation of potentially the greatest nation on earth.

A war instituted to repel an invasion of our territory resulted in the dictation of terms of peace from "the Halls of the Montezumas" and the acquisition of a domain

greater in area than the original thirteen states.

A war which was instituted for the sole purpose of preventing the secession of states, resulted in emancipation of a race.

Who shall say that the unexpected in each of these cases was not of paramount importance, as factors in the evolution of Christian civilization?

It is this uniformity of beneficent results that invests the process of human evolution with an air of such profound mystery that the reverent can see in it nothing less than the Hand of Divine Providence.

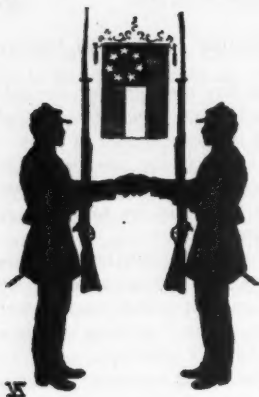
In like manner a war waged for the sole purpose of freeing a helpless people from a despotism of more than mediæval atrocity, has resulted in the capture of a vast domain of which the wildest dreamer never thought as a possible acquisition.

In this, as in each of the other cases mentioned, the outcome was the result of acts dictated by military necessity.

I know of no rule of warfare, or of international ethics, that requires a victorious nation to surrender to a vanquished foe that which was unexpectedly acquired. The strict application of such a rule to the salient events of our national history would dictate the reënslavement of the negro, the recession to Mexico of half a dozen of our richest western states and territories, and the relegation of what is left to the condition of colonial dependencies of Great Britain.

To do this would, in principle, be the substantial equivalent of restoring the Philippines to Spain, or of abandoning them to anarchy, or to the rapacity of Continental Europe; thus reversing the natural order of evolutionary progress.

To say that our constitution deprives us of all power to acquire new domains, or to govern the inhabitants of conquered provinces, is to impugn the wisdom of our fathers and the intelligence of American statesmen. It is equivalent to a declaration that ours is the weakest nation on earth, and that our danger is constant and imminent; for it is axiomatic that a nation without the means of adapting itself to the changes incident to evolutionary development is without the means of its own conservation.



Stories of a Confederate

CRISIS OF THE CONFLICT.

BY A PROMINENT SECESSIONIST

THE issuance of letters of marque and reprisal to such private citizens and stock associations as chose to fit out privateers called into this service a large number of small, swift craft, most of them sailing vessels. The exploits of the "Alabama," "Florida," "Nashville," etc., have been sufficiently recorded, but a number of small early vessels, carrying a single heavy gun, and perhaps one or two lighter pieces, were fitted out early in the struggle; but few indeed escaped disaster. Especially unfortunate was the little "Petrel," formerly the U. S. revenue cutter "General Aiken," a handsome clipper schooner seized by the state forces in December, 1861, and fitted out as a letter-of-marque of "ye olden time." Decoyed by the United States cruiser "St. Lawrence" under her guns, August 1, 1861, the "Petrel" fired three shots over her supposed prize, only to be "blown out of the water" by a single broad side. Five of the crew went down with the vessel before they could be rescued. These conditions were greatly intensified by the presence at Port Royal of Dupont's fleet, which at once menaced Savannah and Charleston, and detached numerous batteries, drove off the planters, captured cotton, rice and provisions, and carried off live stock and field hands,

almost with impunity. A list of nearly sixty craft is to be found in the records; but not over ten or twelve became very formidable to Northern commerce, or profitable to their owners. Their chief effect was to injure Northern and neutral trade, and it is by no means certain that this aided in any degree in delaying the final result.

On the other hand, this irregular service undoubtedly deprived Charleston and other ports of the services of marines and mechanics, who could have constructed and manned ironclads, which, at the beginning of the war, would have broken the blockade, beaten off the wooden men-of-war which captured our seacoast defences, and necessitated the employment of large bodies of horse and foot within and around fortified lines, which we ultimately were compelled to abandon.

A MERCILESS BLOCKADE.

At an early date the blockade began to demonstrate its efficiency, and the evils of that dependence on Northern and foreign supply which had been the great industrial weakness of the South. We soon began to find substitutes for some necessities, and to manufacture and raise others which we should have long before been able to provide in plenty for ourselves.

We had plenty of cotton, but little wool, and during the first year of the war many blankets issued to the troops were made of kerseys and domestic cottons, sewed together to give the proper thickness. Con-

The first article in this series, "The Birth of Conflict," appeared in the November issue. The articles are a personal account of some unpublished matter regarding the inner workings of the Confederacy.

fees of roasted peanuts, corn, wheat, white and sweet potatoes, asparagus seeds, etc., etc., were recommended in the public press, and used by many families. Sassafras bark, sage, raspberry and strawberry leaves and other substitutes for tea; myrtle or "bayberry" wax for candles; various barks, roots, leaves, seeds, etc., for dyes and medicines; and the expression of cotton-seed oil and manufacture of salt were eagerly accepted as a part of the war of Southern independence. There was also considerable ingenuity shown in more striking, if not more useful, inventions. A floating ironclad battery, several breech-loading and magazine weapons, which deserved a wider recognition, a number of effective and ingenious projectiles, among them a greatly improved hand grenade, and some submarine boats, which destroyed or greatly injured Federal men-of-war, and sometimes their own crews, were notable instances of the results of our deprivation, necessity and ability to invent and substitute.

In all these industrial matters Governor Pickens and the general commanding the department of South Carolina were obliged to interest themselves and their subordinates. Indeed, for some months the state of South Carolina was practically independent of the Confederate government, or, rather, co-operated with it and aided it.

NO AID FROM RICHMOND.

Worse than all no troops could be secured from Virginia, and while men were plentiful arms were lacking. Governor Pickens wrote to Secretary of War Benjamin, November 11: "I have no arms; if I had I would ask for none. I could raise twenty thousand men if I only had the arms." Governor Brown of Georgia at the same date also addressed the Confederate secretary of war in like manner: "The city of Savannah is menaced by the enemy, and

we are in great need of arms. You have nearly all our guns (in Virginia). I request that you send to Savannah immediately the brigade of State troops trained here under the command of General W. Phillips, now known in the Confederate service as the Phillips Legion, Colonels Wofford's and Boyd's regiments, and Stovall's battalion; also regiment of Georgia regulars. All these troops were trained at the state's expense and thoroughly armed by her, and her safety now requires their service, with their arms, etc."

Milton of Florida was also anxiously demanding arms and ammunition, and with even more justice than either of the others, for Florida had been sadly neglected, except in its siege preparations at Pensacola.

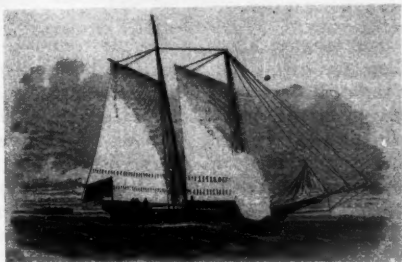
Benjamin's reply to Brown of Georgia is a fair sample of his attitude to all. "There are reasons of public policy, which would make it suicidal to comply with your request to withdraw Georgia troops from the enemy's front, at this moment. This government will co-operate with all its

power for the defense of your State, but it must do so in the manner it deems most certain to produce the desired effect of repulsing the enemy at all points; and cannot scatter its armies into fragments, at the request of each governor, who may be alarmed for the safety of his people."

A TIMELY RELIEF.

On the very day this despatch was sent, November 13, Governor Pickens wired to President Davis, "Steel-clad steamer 'Fingal,' cargo, arms, etc., just run the blockade and safe at Savannah. Now please send me an order for arms, as it is necessary. I am just off for Charleston. Arm us, and we are safe. F. W. PICKENS."

At the same date the governor of Georgia wired to Secretary Benjamin: "Your dispatch refusing to send back any



U. S. REVENUE CUTTER "AIKEN."

of Georgia's guns with her troops is forwarded me here. You said a few days ago in your dispatch that you would send us armed troops if attacked. A kind Providence has enabled Major Anderson to land here to-day with over 10,000 Enfield rifles, belonging to the Confederacy. I now ask, not for men, but guns. Let us have 5,000 of these in place of 5,000 of the state's guns now in your service. Please answer immediately.

JOSEPH E. BROWN."

On the 14th Gov. Milton of Florida wired to Benjamin: "An attack threatened at Apalachicola. We need arms and munitions of war. With them we can hold the place. A vessel has arrived at Savannah with arms, etc. Authorize me by telegraph to send an agent to get one or two good cannon and equipments and small arms, and I will defend Apalachicola successfully. Please answer immediately.

JOHN MILTON."

Eventually Gen. Lee was assigned 4,500 of these rifles to arm troops in Georgia and South Carolina, and Governor Brown, as it turned out, had 1,100 rifles by the same vessel, making in all 5,600 rifles for Lee's department. The balance went to General Albert S. Johnson at Nashville, and Florida was left out in the distribution. The despatches sent by Secretary Benjamin, in

answer to the applications of the several governors, were rather spicy in the case of Governor Brown; and all showed great ability in dealing with demands which he dared not ignore, and could not fully satisfy.

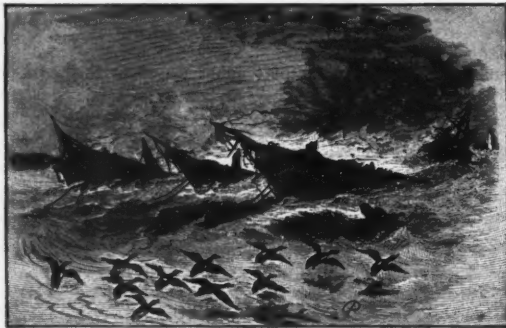
If we had only recognized it at the time, the necessity of ignoring the frantic appeals of the governors of the several states for their own men and arms, because the interests of the whole Confederacy

were paramount to those of any part, would have afforded a grim commentary on the principle of state rights, which had only taken us out of the power of one "centralized government" to land us in the grip of a weaker but no less supreme control.

A PERIOD OF SUSPENSE.

After the fall of the forts, General Lee busied himself in vain with preparations against a foe who never advanced in force against the defences of Charleston, although there is little doubt that if Sherman could have followed up Du Pont's success with an advance of his whole force we should have had great difficulty in preventing the occupation of the city. That he was tempted to make such a movement is certain, but his landing flotilla had been destroyed in a storm, and his original orders did not contemplate a siege of Charleston.

On the contrary, less than three weeks after the occupation of Port Royal, and while General Lee was narrowing our lines of defence, and withdrawing heavy guns from the more distant and detached batteries, General Sherman and Commodore Du Pont had already arranged for the occupation of Tybee Island, and the investment and reduction of Fort Pulaski.



SUNKEN HULKS TO KEEP FEDERAL VESSELS
OUT OF SOUTHERN HARBORS.

STONE FLEET BLOCKADE.

had ever been any doubt of the intentions of Commodore Du Pont as to attempting to force an entrance into Charleston harbor, these were set at rest on December 18

If there

and 19 by the appearance off the old ship channel of a heavily laden and battered squadron of sailing ships, barques, and brigs, whose tattered sails and antique lines told of many years of voyag-



CHARLESTON CITIZENS DESERTING THEIR HOMES ON THE THREATENED APPROACH OF THE UNION FORCES.

ing and struggle with wave and wind. A few gunboats of the blockading squadron and a steam tug or two accompanied the doomed vessels, and, so far as was possible, removed such sails, rigging, spars, etc., as were considered worthy of preservation. On the 20th from fifteen to seventeen vessels were placed in line across the ship channel, the more northerly in shoal water, and the others trending south in the deeper waters of the ship channel, with intervals of about one hundred feet between them. The main ship channel, some 3,500 feet in width, was completely closed by the sinking of these vessels.

These hulks commenced to settle down into the sand, and in a few weeks most of them had wholly disappeared from view, their bulwarks and upper works having been largely destroyed by the action of the heavy seas. In January fourteen brigs and barks were placed across Maffitt's channel, and, for a time at least, made it impossible for heavy vessels to enter Charleston harbor.

General Lee, in his report, adverts as follows to the fact that the first stone fleet was sunk on December 20, 1861, the first anniversary of the secession of South Carolina, and also draws the conclusion that Charles-

ton was not to be attacked, from the seaward at least. It is only from a desire to bring before the reader clear pictures of the spirit and intensity of these bygone days that I quote the conclusion of his despatch:

"This achievement, so unworthy of any nation, is the abortive expression of the malice and revenge of a people, which it wishes to perpetuate by rendering more memorable a day hateful in their calendar. It is also indicative of their despair of ever capturing a city they design to ruin, for they can never expect to possess what they labor so hard to reduce to a condition not to be enjoyed. I think, therefore, it is certain that an attack on the city of Charleston is not contemplated, and we must endeavor to be prepared against assaults elsewhere on the southern coast.

"I have the honor to be your obedient servant.

R. E. LEE,

"General Commanding.

"HON. J. P. BENJAMIN,
"Secretary of War, Richmond, Va."

ON THE ALTAR OF THEIR COUNTRY.

The decadence of Charleston had begun, and day by day it became more and more evident that there would be no decided at-

tempt on the part of the Confederate government to transfer any one of its great army corps to the threatened seacoast. Perhaps it was with a knowledge of this policy of the Confederate generals, perhaps from a military perspicacity not then recognized, and possibly unfortunately expressed, that General McClellan, in response to a request for one more regiment for Sherman's expedition, thus replied to Hon. Thomas A. Scott, then assistant Secretary of War, October 17, 1861:

"I will not consent to one other man being detached from this army for that expedition. I need far more men than I now have to save this country, and cannot spare any disciplined regiment. Instead of diminishing this army, true policy would dictate

struction of such cotton as had thus far escaped Federal confiscation.

This desperate resolution was taken, and during the last days of November the people of Charleston saw, night after night, the lurid glare afar off, where went up in flame and smoke the costly fibre of the famous Sea Island plantations.

THE GREAT CHARLESTON FIRE.

But another and greater conflagration, preceded by one or two lesser fires of dubious origin, visited Charleston, December 11 and 12, in which a large portion of the business section of the city and many residences were consumed, the great Cathedral of St. John and St. Finbor going down in the general ruin. The losses by this fire were estimated at from \$5,000,000 to \$7,-



TYPE OF PICKET-BOAT USED ON INLAND WATERS DURING THE WAR.

its immediate increase to a large extent. It is the task of the Army of the Potomac to decide the question at issue. No outside expedition can affect the result. I hope that I will not again be asked to detach anybody.

"GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,
"Major-General Commanding."

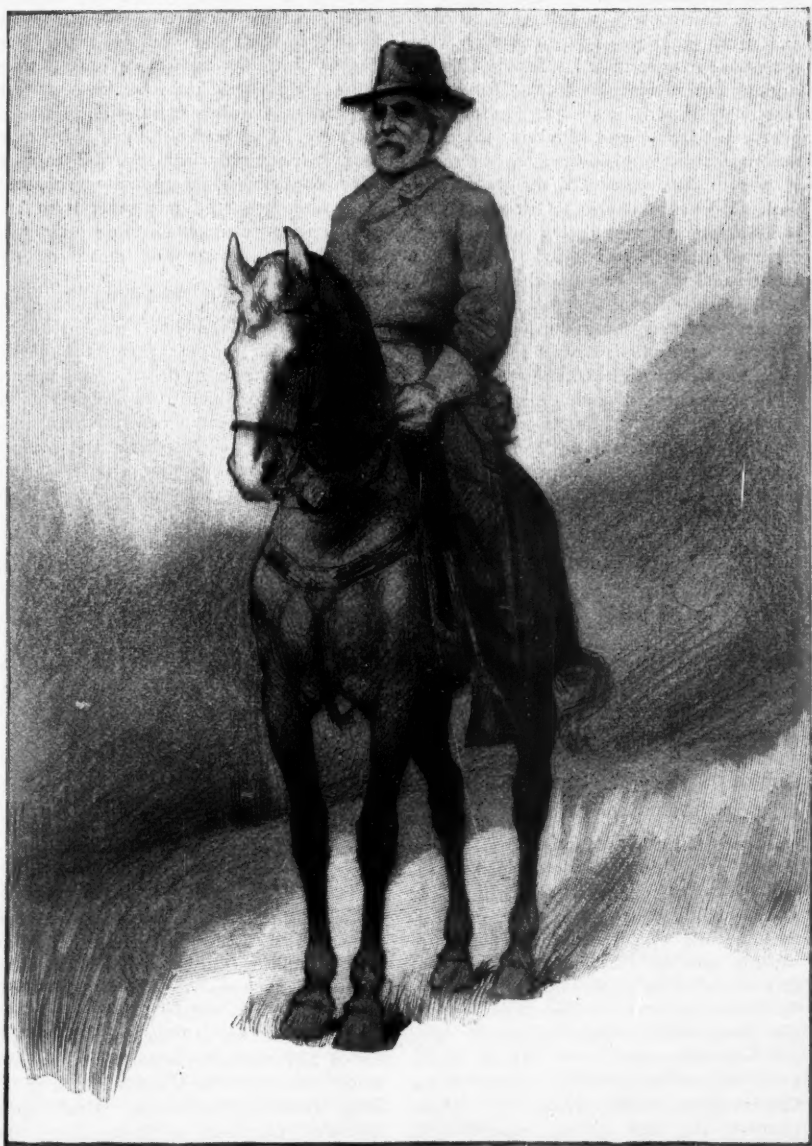
A like feeling seems to have inspired the cabinet at Richmond, for, from the first, the authorities of the seaboard states were left to work out their own salvation, without material aid in the way of reinforcements. Hatteras and Port Royal had fallen, and Newberne and Beaufort were no longer ports of Southern commerce. Charleston's harbor was closed up by sunken hulks, and a vigilant blockade, and we depended chiefly on Savannah and Wilmington for intercourse with foreign markets. Our press demanded the abandonment of our rich Sea Island plantations, and the de-

struction of such cotton as had thus far escaped Federal confiscation.

Under all the depressing conditions noted, the people of South Carolina retained their courage, and their determination to continue their struggle for complete independence of Federal control. Aid to the houseless, homeless and impoverished was freely given; new regiments were enlisted, extensive and formidable works constructed, and under the Confederate and state flags Charleston, undiscouraged and defiant, kept her Christmas festivities, and in wassail and merriment saw out the old year and ushered in the second year of the great Civil War.

A SADDENED CHRISTMAS.

The Christmas holidays of 1861 were bravely kept, despite the many evils which had already befallen and the ever-increasing war clouds which gathered, black and



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, LEADER OF THE CONFEDERATE FORCES.

Drawn by Albert F. Schmitt.

threatening, along our seacoast in every quarter. They were brave and helpful, as well as beautiful and charming, women who "served the cause" in hall and mansion and camp in those days; and they were none the less hospitable and kindly to their present and living guests at Charleston; that they grieved for so many gallant and generous relatives and admirers, absent at the front or already passed from the ranks of war to the bivouac of the dead, with General Barnard Bee and Colonel Barton at Manassas and many other brave spirits, departed in battle and foray. Others like Lieutenant Washington, whose mortar had given the signal to open fire on Fort Sumter; had perished in hospital, or were fighting a losing fight against epidemic disease, insufficient shelter, clothing, food and medical treatment, and oftentimes with the depressing consciousness that most of this suffering and failure were due to the vicious, incompetent, and perhaps corrupt supervision of an irresponsible military superior.

But notwithstanding these and other public and private sorrows, the blackness and ruin of the recent conflagration, the constant reminders and rumors of an impending attack, and the growing scarcity of once common delicacies and luxuries, the ladies of Charleston still performed with Spartan courage and spirit their housewifely duties and the generous role and devoir of gentle, courteous and hospitable hostesses.

PREPARING FOR THE STORM.

Already at the close of the year 1861 the Federal occupation of Hilton Head, Beaufort and the adjoining islands, had placed a powerful fleet and formidable army almost equally near to Charleston and Savannah, and had driven from the great plantations for miles around their leaguer, the magnates whose long-staple cotton and embanked rice-fields had for the most part been abandoned to the inroads, with a great deal of live stock and many slaves, lighters boats, machinery, etc., etc. Many planters had been greatly impoverished, and some utterly ruined, and already, as I have said, immense quantities of cotton, rice and other valuable property had been

destroyed to prevent its capture by the hated invaders.

Strangely enough, it was not easy to get these same men to send their negroes to finish the long and formidable chain of redoubts, batteries and breastworks which alone could save Charleston from capture, and South Carolina from widespread devastation. They feared the loss of valuable property, not only from possible capture, but from sickness, injury and severe treatment while under military supervision, and could make money much more rapidly by raising corn, forage and meats on up-country plantations.

The first illusions of the struggle had been dispelled. The New York *Tribune* no longer counseled peace; and the *Herald* was very cautious in its strictures upon a government to which it had at first counseled peaceable disintegration. There were still promises of Northern countenance and intrigues and plots more or less promising; but the men who had written in April from New England, "If they attempt to carry out their black and red policy, they will be met with fire and sword, even here," had somehow failed to make a diversion in the rear of the enemy, and had certainly showed no disposition to join us in the field. We still hoped for foreign intervention, the accession of the border states and even to some extent for the aid of the Northwestern section of the Union; but upon the whole we were satisfied that the Confederate States of America must fight to the bitter end without allies or addition to its territory.

THE REGIME OF ROBERT E. LEE.

During the last days of December, 1861, General R. E. Lee reported the completion of the interior line of defenses covering James Island from Wappoo Creek on the northeast to the Ashley River; across the peninsular in rear of Charleston to Cooper River, and from the Cooper River east and south through Christ Church Parish to the deep waters of the Sound. Heavy guns defended the mouth of Stono River, and the outlying coast batteries were being abandoned and their artillery used to strengthen a shorter and interior line.

The South Carolina coast-line beginning at the North Carolina boundary, was divided into five divisions. No 1, from Little River Inlet to the Santee River, was held by Colonel A. M. Manigault, with headquarters at Georgetown. No. 2, from the Santee to Stono River, including the city and harbor of Charleston, held by Brigadier-General R. S. Ripley. No. 3, Stono River to Ashepoo River, Brigadier-General N. G. Evans at Adam's Run. No. 4, Ashepoo River to Port Royal entrance through Colleton Run to Ferrebuville,

cusses another source of weakness as follows:

"The troops, in my opinion, should be organized 'for the war.' * * * I tremble to think what may become of us next spring when our twelve months' men may claim their discharge, etc. * * * I have not been able to get an accurate report of the troops under my command in this state. For instance, De Saussure's Brigade is put down at 3,420 men. When in Charleston I was informed that in one regiment there were 110 men on duty at



BRINGING CONFEDERATE PRISONERS INTO CAMP.

headquarters Coosuwahatchee, Brigadier-General J. C. Pemberton commanding, assisted by Brigadier-General Maxcy Gregg; and No. 5, south side Port Royal entrance to the Savannah River, headquarters Hardeeville, Brigadier-General T. F. Drayton commanding. These districts were weak in artillery, munitions and men, and it soon became necessary to abandon the idea of holding intact the long and intricate coast-line.

AN ALARMING WEAKNESS.

On the night before Christmas General Lee, in a letter to A. G. Magrath, dis-

the Race Course camp ground, and in the other about 200. Colonel Branch, I was told, had only 200 men at Rockville, and so on. * * * The companies of mounted men in the service are very much reduced. The Charleston Light Dragoons and Rutledge Mounted Rifles have only about forty-five men each. Captain Fripp's company four commissioned officers, nine non-commissioned officers and nineteen privates."

General Lee goes on to say that McClellan probably intended to wait until these troops were disbanded and about to return home, and would then attack at points too

weak in men to make an adequate defense.

Colonel Manigault of the 1st district had December 27, 1861, at and around Georgetown only 1,575 men of all arms, 650 of whom, in Harllee's Legion, would be disbanded in about ten days. Two new regiments were totally unprepared for service. Colonel C. J. E'ford's 16th South Carolina Volunteers, with nine companies organized, had one hundred defective muskets, no bayonet scabbards, belts or boxes, and only three rounds per man of ball cartridges and caps. Colonel J. H. Means' 17th South Carolina Volunteers, 547 men in seven companies, had seventy-five percussion and 415 flint muskets, 75 cartridge boxes, belts and scabbards and no knapsacks or ammunition.

JEALOUSY AND INTRIGUE.

At Fort Sumter was stationed the First Heavy Artillery, a South Carolina body of regulars, raised early in 1861, Colonel W. R. Calhoun commanding. Calhoun was a prominent Charleston lawyer, and full of fight, and after his men occupied Fort Sumter, joined the army in Virginia, taking with him Company A of his regiment, with six light field guns. During his stay in Virginia Colonel Calhoun offended his Major, John A. Wagner, and General Ripley, and this led later to his own practical removal from the command, and the appointment of Major Wagner to detached duty as Inspector of ordnance, leaving Captain Alfred Rhett of Company B in command of the regiment at Fort Sumter.

Early in January, 1862, dissension had arisen among the men of this garrison, and the officers were further dissatisfied because of the appointment of Captains A. N. Toulant Beauregard, a son of the General, and a Captain Ferguson to serve in that regiment. A like dissatisfaction attended the commissioning of a Lieutenant Kemper, who had lost everything he possessed by the capture of Beaufort. Besides these minor cabals and jealousies, General Ripley resented the supervision of General Lee, and did not hesitate to depreciate his judgment and preparations for defense wherever this could be done without laying himself open to a court-martial. Governor

Pickens was fully aware of these unpleasant conditions, and at one time feared the most disastrous consequences therefrom.

GENERAL LEE'S PATIENT ENDURANCE.

No complaint was made by General Lee to the authorities at Richmond, and studied courtesy was observed toward all subordinates. The great Southern leader doubtless early realized the weaknesses and imprudences of Ripley and the inefficiency of Pemberton, and probably also saw that the Atlantic States were expected to make any sacrifice to maintain the great strategic battle line between Richmond and Memphis, and control of the greater part of the southern valley of the Mississippi.

He from the first abandoned the isolated batteries at unimportant points, and thus explained to Adjutant-General Cooper at Richmond the strength of the enemy and his own weakness:

"Wherever his fleet can be brought, no opposition to his landing can be made, except within range of our fixed batteries. We have nothing to oppose to its heavy guns, which sweep over the low banks of this country with irresistible force. The farther he can be drawn from his floating batteries the weaker he will become."

In February five whole regiments were requisitioned from South Carolina by the Richmond government. Georgia was called upon for twelve, and Florida in the same command had to supply two and a half. At this time South Carolina had about 31,000 men in the field, nearly 10,000 of them being outside of the state, and 5,000 recruits were ready to muster if arms could be supplied. The available force for the defense of Savannah, Charleston and the shores of Georgia and South Carolina did not exceed 30,000 men of all arms to cover over 200 miles of coast line.

Manigault, about the middle of February, abandoned the First military division north of the Santee, withdrawing his heavy guns and mounting blackened logs in their place, and a like substitution was practised at Coles' Island and the river batteries at Ashepoo.

A SERIES OF EVIL TIDINGS

Already Sherman, who had seemed to be content to hold his fortified camps at



A NIGHT EXPEDITION AMONG THE ISLANDS.

Hilton Head, had fully reconnoitered the approaches to both Charleston and Savannah, and had finally decided to make his first attack on Fort Pulaski on Tybee Island. The Federal batteries were located at such a long distance from this formidable work that we considered it impossible that any material damage could be received by the fort or its garrison. We viewed with greater alarm the preparations at Fortress Monroe, for Burnside's expedition, which, it was rumored, was to join Sherman and Dupont, cut the railroad communications between Charleston and Savannah, and then capture each city in detail. But the apprehended storm broke February 8, 1862, on the coast of North Carolina at Roanoke Island, where Governor Wise of Virginia lost his son, exposed without sufficient garrison or reinforcements, to the overwhelming fire of Goldsborough's gunboats and Burnside's irresistible attack. After Roanoke fell Edenton, Winston and Plymouth; and the destruction of Commodore Lynch's little fleet gave the enemy control of Pamlico Sound and ensured the capture of every North Carolina seaport excepting Wilmington.

Close upon the heels of the tidings of this reverse came the news of the fall of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, in Tennessee, and pressing demands for every regiment which could be spared from South Carolina. At date of February 24 Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of War, thus wired General Lee:

"The recent disaster to our army in Tennessee forces the government to the stern necessity of drawing its lines within more defensible limits, so as to enable us to meet with some equality the overpowering numbers of the enemy. The railroad line from Memphis to Richmond must be defended at all hazards. We can only do this by withdrawing troops from the seaboard. You are therefore requested to withdraw all forces from Florida, to report to A. Sydney Johnston in Tennessee."

This decision was at once acted upon, and the heavy guns were removed and "quaker guns" substituted.

Lee was called to Richmond March 3, 1862, and from that time to the close of the war became the acknowledged leader of the armies of the Confederacy, although he was not always in supreme control of all of them.

(To be Continued.)



A Railroad Tragedy

By C.M. Retlock

DRAWINGS BY WALTER L. GREENE.

EIGHT loads and get out at once," said Jim Penwick as he came out of the telegraph office and read the dispatcher's telegram to his engineer.

"Eight loads," echoed Bill Edwards, the engineer. "Great Scott, Jim, sixty-one can't pull eight loads up that grade. Her flues are leaking bad and before we get half way up the mountain, there'll be more water in her fire-box than in the tender."

"Well I wired that, but that Jay dispatcher says every car must go. I wished he had to roost on top of a box car for about six hours to-night and take a dose of his own medicine."

"Come along then," said Edwards. "We'll pull them as far as we can and drop what we can't on the first siding we come to."

"Oh, what's the use of starting any way? You just wire him that 61 can't go out until her flues are fixed and that'll end it. There's going to be a baile in the pueblito to-night. A Christmas eve dance."

"Oh ho, Jim, that's the way the land lays is it? Well, I ain't got no objection to a

dance but I guess you are thinking more of Pepe Gomez's monte table than the baile and I prefer the company of Nell and the babies to that of Dona Julia's girls."

"Well, what company do *we* get up at the other end of the division?" growled one of the brakemen.

"I ain't talking to you, Reddy," said Edwards. "And if I was, I should just say that if you don't get none at all, it'll be better than what you get here and more profitable. You might be able to get Jim's adobe dollars away from him at poker but you'd drop them at the monte table later and to-morrow morning you'd be out a night's sleep."

"Well, I'd never get any of your adobes or cuartillas either, for that matter."

"How well we know each other," said Edwards with a satirical laugh, which brought a wicked look into Reddy's eyes.

There had been bad blood between these two from the first trip. Reddy had drifted into this little Mexican railroad town which for the time being contained the concentrated cussedness of railroad con-

structors. Men who had been discharged from position after position drifted into this place, often with their pedal and resting extremities badly concealed but seldom without a Colt's 45 and a huge sombrero. Honor and honesty dwelt in every man's mouth, but in order that their presence might never be doubted, they seldom retired farther in than the palate.

On pioneer railways, blood counts but it is quantity rather than quality which makes the best impression. To be healthy, strong, and pulque and tequila-proof, that is, to be able either to withstand their fascinations or to be proof against their powers is the "guinea stamp" of a pioneer railroad man.

Probably the time-keeper knew Reddy's true name but it is doubtful if any one else on the division did. Red hair and a red mustache had been the sponsors for his christening as "Reddy." He was an ideal train-man as far as knowledge of the work went. A service beginning on the U. P. and extending over all the south-western systems had furnished him with a vocabulary of initial letters of the roads on which he had worked, which gave the listener the idea that the chief end and aim of the alphabet was to furnish decoration for the sides of freight cars.

His great vice was gambling. He followed railroading simply as a means to furnish the wherewithal to gamble, for winning gamblers are like fever and ague towns in Texas—always just beyond the point where one is—never visible or acknowledged to be such. •What he won from one, he lost to another.

He was minus the first two fingers of the right hand, lost, he said, while making a coupling, but rumor, never seen and always heard, said that he left them on a gaming table in Arizona when trying to pick up a "jack-pot" with a long ace.

Edwards was the antipode of Reddy; sober, steady and reliable, he disliked Reddy and all the class of tramp railroad men. As he came out of the office with his signed orders, he put his arm around Penwick and said: "I am glad to get out of this place to-night. I never hear a pistol shot in the night, I am never awakened by the shrill voice of the fandango singer

without worrying about you. Why don't you keep away from these hell-holes?"

"That's well enough for you to say with your pleasant home, but I expect to have an eternity of four walls without windows after I am dead, without shutting myself up in one of these adobe tombs while alive."

"Why not send for your wife then?" asked Edwards.

"Ask me why I don't start a mint. It's the only way I'll ever get any money ahead."

"No, Jim, get your wife down here and drop Reddy and his like. I will lend you the money to bring your wife down and she'll be company for Nell. There don't say anything about it. Let's start, for I always like to spend Christmas at home."

Tears came into Penwick's eyes as he tried to thank his friend, but Edwards jumped into his cab and with an, "Are we all ready?" pulled open the throttle and the train started for its destination.

For some miles the road runs through a tropical swamp before reaching the heavy grade. Bamboos and palm trees on either side charm the stranger's eye, but to those accustomed to it the everlasting green becomes tiresome and insipid. It is a faded green and wearies one until, like the hopeless invalid, one longs for even the winter of death which, at least, carries with it the hope of the life of spring.

As the engine struck the heavy grade her speed began to decrease. The noise of the discharge of steam, which had been almost imperceptible on the level road, became louder. Like the heavy breathing of a giant the steam rushed from her nostrils and as the strain became greater the breathing became heavier. Whish-whush-whish-wh-u-sh, w-h-i-s-h, w-h-u-s-h, slower and slower until she came to a dead stop.

"Back down and drop two cars," said the engineer. "If I make the water tank with six I shall be lucky."

Half way up the mountain, it was decided to drop two more cars. As the engine was pushing them in on the siding, the track spread and the driving wheels left the rails. In the many attempts to replace them, the little water that was left was used up and the only thing left to do was to "pull the fire" and send a messenger back on foot

to the nearest telegraph office, fifteen miles away, for another engine.

In a country where every man must "take up his bed," whether he ride or walk, those who are to travel any distance are usually provided with blankets. In every hacienda the stranger will find a room and cot at his disposal, and if he would not insult his host he must not offer to pay for board or lodging, but he must just as surely not expect the host to furnish bed-clothing at all, or corn for the beasts without being paid for it.

As Edwards spread his blanket on the floor of a freight car, he heard loud voices in the next car. One, that of his woodpasser, a Mexican boy named Pedro, and the other that of Reddy. The latter was speaking pigeon-English, evidently with the idea that if he could make English as unintelligible to the average Englishman as Spanish was to himself, a Mexican must necessarily understand it.

At last there was the noise of a fall and a groan and Edwards rushed into the next car to find Pedro huddled in a corner, with his hand over his eye and Reddy about to lie down on the boy's blanket. Taking in the situation at a glance, he said:

"Well, Reddy, what are you going to do with that blanket?"

"Sleep on it, what d'ye suppose?" was the answer.

"And what's Pedro going to do?"

"Let him sleep on the floor. It won't hurt him. He never knew what a blanket was until he went to work for the road."

"Well, he does now, Reddy, and he knows his own blanket for he bought and paid for it, so just give it to him."

"What are you mixing in it for? It ain't none of your funeral, anyway."

"Well, I'll make it my funeral or your'n, so give him the blanket," answered the engineer.

"See here, Edwards, you've been trying to have a row with me ever since I come here and we might just as well have it out here as anywhere, so if you know how to put up your hands just step outside here and do it."

Edwards unbuckled his revolver belt and stripped off his coat and said:

"It never seemed to me that if I wanted

to hurt a man, I must do it in a scientific manner. I hain't tried to have a row with you and don't want one, but if you don't give up that blanket either you or me is going to get hurt and I give you warning—use your science for all it is worth. For myself, if I've got to resort to brute force to make you behave decent, I shall use brute methods, so look out for yourself. Will you give the boy his blanket?"

"No," answered Reddy with an oath.

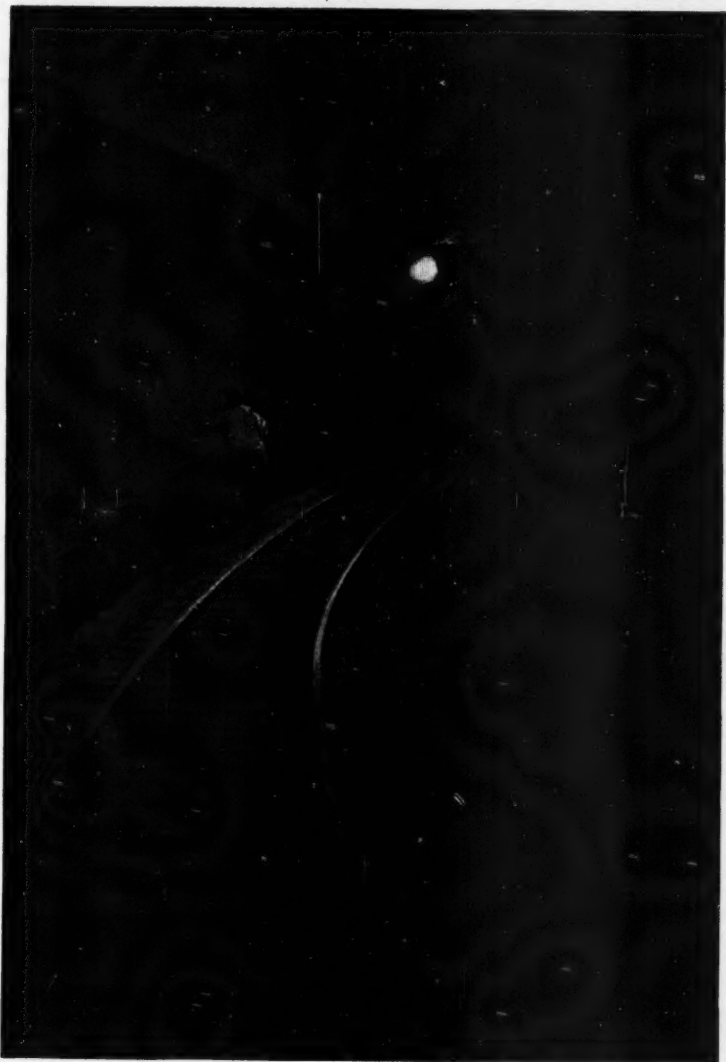
As the word left his lips, Edwards jumped towards him. Reddy's right hand shot out and struck Edwards in the eye, almost felling him to the ground. Another rush and another blow showed Edwards that he must change his tactics if he wished to win. Then circling around him he ducked his head and rushing under his guard, grabbed Reddy around the waist.

Then began a wrestling match on the brink of a retaining wall one hundred feet high. Straining, struggling, striving for the mastery, Edwards succeeded in throwing Reddy to the ground, only to be rolled over. Again he is on top and again rolled over. Not a word is spoken by either and the three witnesses refrain from comment. Reddy's vain efforts to free himself from Edwards's embrace have brought to his face a look of desperate despair and it is evident that each of the rolls now is with the purpose of nearing the edge of the precipice. But six feet separates them from its edge and the howling of the coyotes at the foot of the mountain, one thousand feet below, rings in their ears like a summons to death. Another roll and Edwards is under Reddy—an effort to roll towards the track is ineffectual and, finally, with one Herculean effort, he throws Reddy on his back and as he grabs him by the throat, he looks down into the darkness of the abyss.

With a grip of steel which he dares not loosen, he waits until he feels Reddy's muscles relax, and then pulls him back from the edge and waits for him to recover his senses. It is but for a minute, and as Reddy starts to get up Edwards grabs him and asks:

"Is it quits? Have you had enough?"

"Do you consider this fair play?" asked Reddy. "With your hand on a man's windpipe to shut off any answer but 'yes?'"



"THE FLASH OF THE HEAD-LIGHT SHOWED HIM AS HE LEAPED OVER THE EMBANKMENT,
FIVE HUNDRED FEET TO THE BOTTOM OF THE CANYON."

"It ain't a question of fair play or justice, any more than your treatment of the blanket question. It's brute force. Might is right is your doctrine. If you had won it would have been the might of what you call "science." In my case it's the might of might. Have you got enough?"

"Of this, yes," gasped Reddy.

"All right," said Edwards, as he jumped up. Now I have three blankets. You can have one all to yourself or we will lie on two and we can have half of the other to cover us. Which'll you take?"

Reddy hesitated a moment and then said, "Oh, just as you please," so it was arranged to sleep under the same blanket.

Edwards fell asleep almost immediately, but Reddy tossed and turned, burning with shame and anger at what he considered the unfair treatment of Edwards.

His mind turned to the Colt's 45 which he had seen Edwards put under his pillow. He found his hand moving towards it and put it behind his back as if to remove it from temptation. Again it moved towards the pillow and this time his fingers touched the butt of the pistol. He pulled them away as from a burning coal. A third time and his fingers grasped the butt; it seemed to be the handle of a galvanic battery of which he could not let go. Sitting up, he placed the muzzle against Edward's back. A flash—a report—a groan. The pistol dropped from his hand.

Jumping up he quickly pulled on his shoes, and leaped from the door. As he did so, he saw the boy Pedro jump from the other car. As Reddy started to run, Pedro yelled "Assasino" and discharged his revolver. Reddy ran up the track, Pedro behind him. He was fleetier on foot than the Mexican and hoped to soon leave him, when, just as he turned a sharp curve, he came face to face with the relief engine. Dazed, probably, by the glare of the headlight, he took the outside of the track, where there was hardly room for a man to stand as the train went by.

Now as he looked back, he saw the Mexican with pistol in hand, and as the engine seemed about to run over him, he threw his hands in the air and the last flash of the head-light showed him as he leaped over the embankment, five hundred feet to the bottom of the canyon. The engine stopped and the engineer came back to find Pedro gazing down into the canyon but they saw nothing and heard only the howls of the coyotes.

When they reached the car, Edwards was in the arms of Penwick. Pedro rushed and grasped his hand, but he was too far gone to recognize him. In his delirium he was again striving to make his engine pull the train. "It's a hard climb, Jim—She's leaking bad but—I must make—the summit—Nell's waiting—I shall spend Christmas—at—ho—."

GOSSIP

Oh, sweet denier of all blisses,
Why be so niggard of your store,
The moon has seen so many kisses,
What will she care for one kiss more?

To gossip's none of her ambition—
She has a secret not her own—
Believe me, she's in no position
To throw the vestige of a stone.

For should she set a rumor creeping,
I know a way to still her quite;
Ask her who 'twas that kissed the sleeping
Endymion, one mystic night.

Theodosia Pickering Garrison.

"DRINK THOU, AND I WILL ALSO DRAW FOR THY CAMELS."

From the sculpture in Copenhagen by Bertel Thorwaldsen



AN EASTERN COURTSHIP

BY CAROLINE A. POWELL

OF the three great facts in life—birth, death, and marriage, the last excites the most general interest. People of all sorts and conditions, the lovers of romance and the students of sociology, are ready to listen with absorbing attention to the recital of a love story. The importance given to love and marriage belongs to a relatively late period in the development of our race as civilized beings. The savage, pure and simple, knows no family or social life as we understand the terms. He eats alone and the women of his clan are his slaves. Even when he has risen above savagery and has attained to barbarism, as is the case with the Mohammedans, for instance, of our own day, we learn from Professor Mahaffy that "polygamy has ever been found to ruin what we call society, as each master of a house finds sufficient company within the walls of his harem, and, accordingly, neither goes abroad himself nor allows his household to do so."

It is only when man's nature has been refined by education and elevated by pure religion, that family life becomes possible. In the long ages past there was first the savage, whose connecting link with his fellows was through his tribe or clan and who reckoned his descent from his mother only. Afterwards, when a race of warriors was developed and possessions and dominion were the object of desire, sons became valuable, women were sought after as slaves and polygamy was practised. But when the purer religion of Jehovah was at length revealed to men in the time of Abraham, family life began to be developed, the higher emotional and spiritual instincts were evolved, and the pure love of one man for one woman, which rests at the basis of all civilized society, became an established fact. This institution of the family is but one of the many legacies which we owe to that wonderful Hebrew nation at whose feet the whole world must sit if it would

learn what is highest and noblest in ethics and religion.

We therefore invite attention to the account of the courtship and marriage which stood at the beginning of the Hebrew race and which in its idyllic beauty has ever since been esteemed as the genuine national type of a true marriage. The great German critic, Ewald, who denies historical authenticity to the character of Isaac, yet has this to say regarding the story of him in Genesis.

"The fair type of true matrimony which

the old legend presents in Isaac and his Rebekah, accordingly does no more than represent with little alteration, marriage as it really existed in the majority of families during the best days of the nation. Simple fidelity, pious love and attachment, and hence a certain amount of foresight in the choice of a wife from a worthy race, were not less in reality than they are in that type, the foundation on which a new family in Israel was erected. All else that we know from history is in harmony with this; and here, too, we may clearly recog-



"WELLS ARE IMPORTANT PLACES IN EASTERN LIFE."

From the painting by Alfred Elmore.



"THE OLD SERVANT WAS CARRIED CAPTIVE WITH DELIGHT.

From the painting by F. Goodall.

nize the mighty working of an elevated religion."

* * *

Abraham, the founder of the Hebrew race, the Father of the Faithful, whose seed was to be as the sand on the seashore or as the stars, for multitude, had one only son, Isaac. The marriage of this son was to him an event of supreme importance. In most countries a matrimonial contract is thought to be a subject for arrangement by the parents and relatives, and the two most concerned have often little choice in the matter. In the East to this day, where

kinship is recognized and valued to an extent of which we know nothing, a proposed marriage contract is carefully discussed and weighed in full family conclave consisting of not only father, brothers and uncles, but also of a host of cousins, the consent of all of whom must be obtained before the admission of a man or woman to tribal relationship through marriage can be allowed. The reason for this is obvious. As kindred are the only protection against violence or injustice, it becomes of importance to each relative to know what additional responsibility will accrue to him

through the marriage of his connections. The marriage which adds wealth or importance to the position of the family is gladly welcomed, while a partnership that would avail nothing in this way would be vigorously voted down. In Europe, as is well known, a dowerless girl has little chance of marriage, and the whole thing is apt to be a financial arrangement between the parents of the young people. In England the dowry, especially among the middle and lower classes, has less sway, but in America sentiment has decidedly the upper hand. "Do the young people love each other?" is the single thought of every good American in considering a proposed marriage. And in this way, as indeed in many others, we may claim to have the most sentiment and the most respect for romance of any people in the world.

* * *

The authority of the Oriental father was supreme and Abraham believed that his son was to be the progenitor of a race which should accomplish great things. It was natural that the passionate believer in the unity and personality of God should shrink with disgust from the idolatrous practices of the heathen people in the surrounding countries. With the true Oriental hungering for kinship, he decided that Isaac should marry one of his own brother's grandchildren in distant Haran. News from there reached him only at long intervals, but he had heard that during the years when he had been childless, many children had blessed the household of his brother Nahor. As the journey was too far and severe for a man as old as himself, and as he could not bear to part with Isaac, he sent as his ambassador the next person he had in authority, Eliezer of Damascus, the steward of the establishment. This man, always to be exalted as the type of faithful servitude, would have been Abraham's heir if Isaac had not lived, and it was therefore a peculiarly delicate compliment for Abraham to entrust him with this important mission.

The steward of an Eastern sheikh is a man of much influence and importance, and Abraham, having summoned him to

his presence made him promise two things: First, that he would take a wife for Isaac from his own kindred in Haran, and second, that Isaac should not be required to leave the land in which he was living and to which he believed God had called him. He also bound him by an oath that he would not commit his son to any marriage contract with a daughter of the Canaanites, his idolatrous neighbors. It is characteristic that Isaac's preference in the matter is never mentioned.

Eliezer naturally inquired what he was to do if the woman whom he should select should refuse to accompany him on so long a journey to a man of whom she had no actual knowledge, and Abraham replied, that he only required him to do his best, and if the damsel should refuse to accompany him, he would regard him as free from his oath. Eliezer then takes a peculiarly solemn oath to be true to his master in this matter on which his heart was set. The preparations are then made for the journey. Abraham was a wealthy man and if there was ever an occasion for the display of his wealth, it was certainly this. People who are tenacious of their money at most times, will spend freely when it comes to a question of courtship and marriage, and Abraham without being vulgarly ostentatious, had all the noble liberality and generous openhandedness of the Eastern chief. He equipped a fine caravan of ten camels laden with rich presents for the bride and provisions for the journey, with the necessary train of attendants.

* * *

It was a long road from Hebron to Haran. According to Dr. W. M. Thomson, the most direct route was along the west bank of the Jordan and the lakes, then through the valley of Coele-Syria, then out through the land of Hamath to the Euphrates, and thence to Haran.

It was towards evening when the caravan at length came in sight of the place. Eliezer was a devout man and was deeply impressed with the importance of his mission. He therefore brings the cavalcade to a halt and invokes God's aid and countenance on the proceedings in which he is

about to engage. The steward was not of the Hebrew race, but was one of the many Gentiles who in the long course of history has prayed to the God of Abraham, and has found in Him, not the God of one race only, but of all the dwellers on earth. Eliezer makes the special request that the woman who was most fit to be Isaac's wife should be the woman of whom he should ask a drink and who

els, for it required much labor to draw water from the well and the woman who would willingly do this must not only be athletic of body, but must be kind of heart as well. The test therefore was not an ill considered one, and an Oriental would not have the compunction which an Englishman or American would have in permitting a woman to serve him by such severe exercise.



"SHE MADE HASTE AND LET DOWN HER PITCHER FROM HER SHOULDER."

From a painting by an unknown artist.

should give water not only to himself, but also to his camels. Wells are important places in Eastern life, for it is there that the people congregate to draw water at morning and evening, and Eliezer would be sure of meeting many of the women who lived in the town. It would be no easy matter to give water to him and his cam-

As he finished his petition, Rebekah appeared with her pitcher on her shoulder. There were, no doubt, other women present, but she was so beautiful that the old servant's heart was at once touched by that charm which only beauty and graciousness has power to exercise the world over. He at once proffers his request to

her and she replies with courtesy and kindness in the very words he wished. As she draws pitcher full after pitcher full, he is carried captive with delight, and forgetting all caution, presents Rebekah with a golden ring, and a pair of golden bracelets, ten shekels in weight. This before he had even asked her name. But now he makes the inquiry and his content is doubled at the answer she gives, that she is the daughter of Bethuel, the son of Milcah, whom Eliezer knew was the daughter of Abraham's brother, and that therefore the damsel before him was his master's kinswoman. He feels now sure that he is on the right track and gladly accepts Rebekah's hospitable invitation to her father's house which she had given in response to Eliezer's request; and with the public expression of devoutness which the

as well as to display with girlish glee the gifts of the nose-ring and the bracelets. The absence of mention of the girl's father is perhaps, a survival of the ancient custom of reckoning descent from the mother's side only.

Her brother Laban is much impressed with the gifts, cordially welcomes the stranger, and according to Eastern custom the whole caravan, camels and all, are brought into the house, water is given to wash the stranger's feet and food is spread before them. But Eliezer stands and will not eat until he has told his errand.

With simple eloquence he recites the story of his mission and makes a statement of the wealth and position of Abraham. As in the case of Isaac, the thing is decided by the relatives without regard to Rebekah. In primitive times, before men



"SO WEALTHY A SUITOR WAS NOT ONE LIGHTLY TO BE REJECTED."

From the painting by H. Schöpin.

Oriental practises to this day, he bows his head and gives God thanks who has led him "to the house of his master's brethren." Rebekah overhearing his words, at once divines whence he has come, and hurries home to inform her mother's house,

had emerged from a savage state, marriage by purchase was often practised and there are many survivals of old customs in the story before us. A suitor who came supported by such evident wealth and who bestowed such rich gifts, was not one to

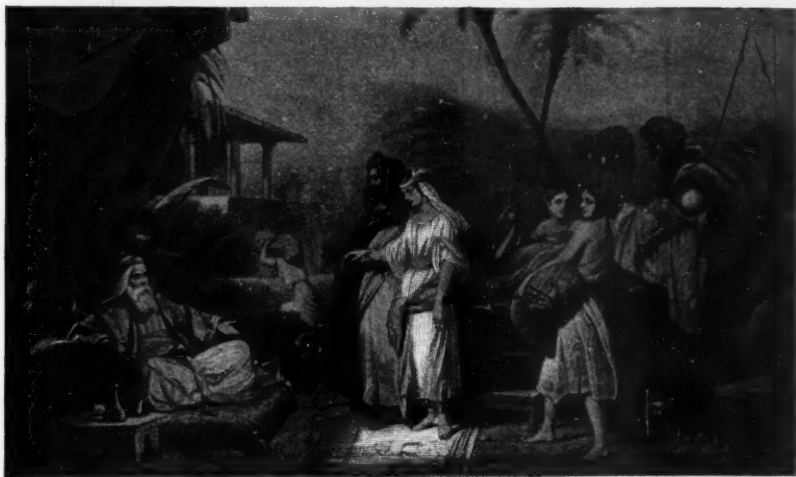
be lightly rejected. The contract was soon made and the night was spent in feasting.

In the morning Eliezer is anxious to be gone. The relatives plead for at least ten days' delay, but he will not listen to any postponement, and wishes to be off at once. Then for the first time Rebekah is

entailist* has remarked that perhaps Rebekah's swift acquiescence was due to the fact that with the acceptance of Isaac's offer she would be free from Laban's tyranny.

* * *

The camels are again equipped for the journey, the purchase money is paid, Re-



"SHE BECAME HIS WIFE AND HE LOVED HER."

From the painting by H. Schopin.

appealed to as to whether she would be willing to comply with the demand of Eliezer.

"Wilt thou go with this man?"

She at once replies, "I will go."

This quick consent of Rebekah's has often been smiled at by the reader, but we are apt to forget that the Oriental maiden has not the same latitude of choice allowed her as has her American sister. In the first place it is imperatively required of her that she marry some one; a single life not being thought possible for a woman; and in the second place, there is little or no opportunity for her to discriminate in the choice of a husband. Moreover the position of a girl in an Eastern household is not enviable. If she have brothers, she is in a position of subjection to them and it is not uncommon for them to treat her with harshness. In the present story the brother Laban occupies a prominent part in the transaction, and a distinguished Ori-

bekah is sent away with her dowry of jewels, silver, gold and precious raiment, her attendant maidens and faithful nurse Deborah, who was henceforth associated with the fortunes of Abraham's family down to the two generations succeeding Isaac. The formal blessing is pronounced:

"Our sister, be thou the mother of thousands of ten thousands, and let thy seed possess the gate of those that hate them." In the meantime, while his wife was being sought, Isaac had waited calmly for the issue in the neighborhood of Beersheba. He had no doubt calculated the time it would probably take Eliezer to go to Haran, pursue his mission and come back; and though weeks must have elapsed, he could hardly have expected that Eliezer should have accomplished his object with so little delay. In accordance with his sweet, thoughtful nature he had gone out to the plain at eventide to pray, and when

*Dr. W. H. Thomson.

he lifted up his eyes, behold a caravan was approaching from the north. Rebekah, when she learned who the stranger was, immediately alighted from her camel. It would have been contrary to all etiquette if she had remained mounted while approaching. There is no social superiority accorded to women in the East, and it was a mark of respect to one higher in rank thus to dismount. She also took a veil and covered herself, not her face only but her whole figure. It is contrary to Oriental custom that a man should see his wife's face before marriage, and Rebekah thus indicated to Isaac her acceptance of his offer and her willingness to be his bride.

Isaac brought her into his mother's tent, Rebekah became his wife, and he loved her, and was comforted for his mother's death.

* * *

In a time and country where polygamy prevailed, the devotion of this pair has been held as an ideal of married life. Isaac was faithful to Rebekah and her only, and the example thus set at the beginning of the Hebrew family has had a lasting influence. Hitherto men had wandered in

tribes and the sweet associations of home had been unknown. With the entrance of Rebekah into Isaac's tent, we see the beginning of the most powerful institution for good the world has known.

If the homes of a nation are pure, loving and peaceful, there need be no fear for its future. In the outside world there may be strife and self seeking, but in the ideal home the effort always is for another's good. It was not into the exclusive Anglo-Saxon house of four brick walls that Isaac brought his Rebekah, but into the Eastern tent, whose sides could be rolled up to admit the stranger and the sojourner from whatever quarter he came.

So is the true home in spirit to the needy and the oppressed everywhere, and it is of all others the place where we may obtain a slight forecast of the glorious time when from the North and South, the East and West, the brotherhood of man shall come to sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in that kingdom of heaven for which they looked with far-seeing eyes, which is still the desire of all nations and to which our footsteps are even now hastening.





THE LAST ACT IN THE PLAY AS PRESENTED BY COQUELIN IN PARIS.

THE PARISIAN FIRST NIGHT OF CYRANO

BY PIERRE S. VIMBERT



THE Christmas holidays of 1897 found me in Paris, striving to get a signature to a document, vexed at the delay and anxious to get back to London where I had promised to spend part of the season of good cheer with some English friends. In Paris I was staying with a friend, Louisianian by birth but Parisian *pur sang* by education and instinct. On Dec. 27th I secured the signature and hurried to my friend's bachelor lodgings intent only on informing him that I should leave for London the next day.

The three reproductions in this article of the Real Cyrano, Coquelin as Cyrano and the Last Scene of the French production of the play are from the illustrated edition of "Cyrano de Bergerac," published by the Doubleday & McClure Co., and used here with their kind permission.

In the "wee sma hours" I was awakened by my host, who poured into my ear the praises of a new play at the Porte St Martin, from a dress rehearsal of which he had just returned. Willy-nilly I must stay one more day and attend *le premier*. I was not in a very amiable frame of mind and persisted in my resolution to leave for London, but a few hours' sleep sweetened my disposition and eight P. M. found me at the theatre ready to damn Cyrano or any other play written in Alexandrine verse.

The Porte St. Martin, which has confined itself almost wholly to the production of melo-drama ("The Two Orphans" and "Around the World in Eighty Days" having been first produced here) has probably never held a larger or more enthusiastic audience than that which listened to the first performance of Cyrano de Bergerac, (pronounced Seérano de Berzhe-

rac.) The house was packed with blasé first-nighters whose hearts were protected by seeming acres of white buckram shields, while their monocles seemed to give warn-



HENRY LEE AS CYRANO.

ing that they could not possibly devote more than one eye to the attraction. Parisian criticism was out *en force* and as the different celebrities were pointed out to me I felt that they would cut up a poor

chap's first-born play with the same *aplomb* that an instructor in anatomy would carve a subject for the edification of his clinic.

"Do you think it's safe to crowd the house like this?" asked one of our party.

"Safe enough. They've tried it several times on the dog since that first memorable occasion."

"The dog?" I queried.

"Why, yes. It was built in 1781 in 85 days. Such rapidity meant to our ancestors that the work was ill-done. A rumor that it was not safe spread and the authorities determined to give ocular proof that it was, and a free entertainment to the poor was given—*experimentum in anima vili* as it were."

"Is that why they give free entertainments every 14th of July?" asked another.

Hush! the curtain is going up.

The first scene represents the auditorium of the theatre Hotel de Bourgogne, the mimic stage being in the back-ground—Cyrano drives from the stage an actor whom he has forbidden to appear for one month and thus draws upon himself the wrath of a disappointed audience, which he challenges individually and collectively. If a dramatic author has ever introduced his hero under more unfavorable conditions it has not been my fortune to know of it. It seems as if M. Rostand were himself imbued with the spirit of Cyrano and determined to create obstacles in order to overcome them. Then as if this handicap were not enough he makes his hero the possessor of an enormous nose, about which he is extremely sensitive.

Thus Coquelin, the great French comedian, was obliged to make his first appearance as an ill-favored bully in a pathetic role in which he is supposed to capture the sympathies of the audience. If ever two men threw their gloves in the face of Fate, Rostand and Coquelin did so on this occasion and that they made a signal success—but I anticipate. The dialogue acquaints us with Cyrano—Poet, Soldier, Philosopher, Musician, "the maddest fighter of all the visored crew," "his sword point sticking out 'neath his mantle like an insolent cocktail." We learn that he loves his cousin, Roxane, but on account of his ugliness fears to tell her.

The audience finds a champion in a viscount who taunts Cyrano on the size of his nose. The result is a duel, during which Cyrano composes a ballade and at the end of the *Envoi* kills his adversary, as he had foretold. The visit of Roxane's duenna on the part of her mistress asking for a rendezvous, and his friend's assurance that during the duel Roxane had paled, raises Cyrano's hopes that she may love him, and the act ends with his departure to conduct a friend home who is shadowed by a band of assassins.

The second act is in Ragueneau's bake-shop. While awaiting Roxane Cyrano writes a letter telling of his love, which he leaves unsigned. Her first words are encouraging. She is in love with one who loves her without knowing he is beloved—a member of Cyrano's company—young, brave, handsome—. The last word disillusionizes Cyrano, who learns that she is in love with Christian. Her petition is that he protect him from the hazing customary for a new member and that he tell Christian of her love. He complies with her request after enduring the most insolent



RICHARD MANSFIELD AS CYRANO.

insults from Christian, who takes this method of proving his valor to the Gascony Cadets.

Christian, a blunt, handsome soldier, but embarrassed before women, despairs of ever pleasing Roxane, who is a *precieuse* admirer of wit and high-flown speeches. Cyrano undertakes to teach him to woo her, and as an earnest gives him the letter which he had written to Roxane on his own account, representing it to be one of his poetic effusions.

The third act is before Roxane's house and introduces a balcony scene which some enthusiastic critics pronounce superior to Shakespeare's. Christian, wearied of the deception, refuses to be coached farther. Roxane's entrance, however, so agitates him that he can but repeat: "I love you," which common-place statement so vexes Roxane that she leaves him in anger, at his lack of wit. Cyrano comes to the rescue and from under the balcony prompts Christian. Roxane notes Christian's hesitancy as he follows his prompter



MANSFIELD'S LEADING LADY, MARGARET ANGLIN
AS ROXANE.

and Cyrano pushes Christian under the balcony and counterfeiting his voice pleads his cause with such efficacy that Christian climbs the balcony to receive the kiss, "a rose dot on the i of adoration."

The lovers are interrupted by the arrival of a monk bringing a letter from De Guiche, nephew of Richelieu and too powerful to be denied, a would-be lover of Roxane's, announcing his coming. She reads it to the monk, pretending that it is an order for her to immediately marry Christian. The monk falls into the trap, but before the ceremony is finished De Guiche arrives. Cyrano drops from a tree in front of him and bars his passage. Pretending to have dropped from the moon he detains him with his quips until the ceremony is finished.

The fourth act finds the Cadets besieging Arras while they themselves are besieged. Starving, they are succored by Roxane, who arrives with provisions hidden in her carriage, the gallant Spaniards allowing the woman to pass who goes to see her lover. That Christian's secret may not be surmised, Cyrano tells him that he has written twice a day in Christian's hand, bearing the letters through the enemies' lines to post them. Roxane tells Christian that it is his letters that have brought her to him and that she now loves him for his soul, where formerly it was his beauty that attracted her. He sees that it is Cyrano whom she loves and insists that Cyrano deceive her. He is about to do so when Christian is brought in wounded. The act ends with the death of Christian, the despairing cries of Roxane alternating with the sharp, quick orders of battle which Cyrano leads with Roxane's lace handkerchief for an oriflame.

The fifth act, fourteen years after, finds Roxane in a convent where Cyrano visits her every Saturday—her "Court Gazette," she calls him. As he is coming this day a large piece of wood is dropped on his head. At the last stroke of the hour, Roxane wonders that his step is not heard. It is but a moment before he appears and descends the stairs with difficulty. Without looking she playfully reproaches him with, "For the first time late! For the first time all these fourteen years."

He relates the Court gossip, day by day, until he comes to Friday, when he falters. He says it is his old wound that troubles him and asks to see Christian's last letter, found on his body. As he reads a farewell which applies equally well at this time, his tones thrill her. As the day gets darker she sees he is repeating it from memory and the truth dawns on her, that Cyrano was the author of the



COQUELIN, THE GREAT FRENCH ACTOR, AS CYRANO.

letter. His friends arrive and inform her of the mishap. She cries, "Ah God! and that faintness of a moment since." Cyrano smiles and says: "True! It interrupted the Gazette: Saturday, twenty-sixth, at dinner-time, Assassination of de Bergerac."

In a delirium he rises to his feet and with sword in hand meets death.

At the end of the first act the audience seemed not to know what to think of the play, but the second and third acts were uproariously applauded. The end of the fifth demonstrated that Coquelin had made the "hit" of his life and that the very euphuism which had caused the failure of other plays here had a proper setting or frame and was a success beyond all criticism.

"What do you think of that for applause?" asked my friend, as he largely contributed to it. "The *claque*," I answered. "The *claque* be— Do you think they could buy the whole house?" "Lack of funds would be the only impediment I imagine," I responded. It was only chaffing on my part and I was almost as enthusiastic as he, though to be frank I did not foresee that it would be such an overwhelming success.

It is still running at the Porte St. Martin. In Germany it has enjoyed the distinction of the censor's disapproval being considered immoral in two places. Once when Cyrano in his Gazette announces, "The little dog of Madame d'Athi's took a purge," and again when the Cadets are described as the terror of husbands. The third charge is that of *Lèse Majesté*. Cyrano in his Gazette says: "The King having eaten to excess of pear-serve, felt feverish. The lancet quelled this treasonable revolt." The management persist in presenting the play in its entirety and have paid, I know not how many fines, to satisfy the majesty of the law. In Chi-



THE REAL CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

cago, Richard Mansfield has been sued for plagiarism by a man who claims to have handed a like play to Mansfield's manager twenty-seven years ago.

M. Edmond Rostand, the author, is a man about thirty years old. In a recent interview, M. Coquelin says that when Rostand proposed this subject for a play he demurred, but a two hours' talk under the trees of the Champs Elysée converted him. Rostand went home and worked twenty hours at a stretch and his wife found him the next morning asleep with his head on the table. Before Coquelin was up Rostand was sitting on the side of his bed reading to him the result of his work. Thus the work was largely one of inspiration, it having been polished at rehearsals.

A word about the historical original

will not be out of place. Cyrano was born in 1619 and died in 1655. He wrote two plays, from one of which Moliere cribbed one entire scene, word for word, for his "Fourberies de Scapin." In addition De Bergerac wrote a "History of the States and Empires of the Moon," from which it is thought Swift got his idea for Gulliver's Travels. It is said that he fought over two hundred duels but none of them on his own account, it being customary then for seconds in duels to fight each other. Rostand seems to have summed up the real Cyrano—in the epitaph which Cyrano speaks:

Philosopher, Metaphysician,
Rhymer, Brawler and Musician
Famed for his lunar expedition
And the unnumbered duels he fought—
And lover also—by interposition!
Here lies Hehcule Savinien
De Cyrano de Bergerac
Who was everything, yet was naught.

CHICAGO SEES CYRANO.

Romance is the realism of noble minds. Cyrano de Bergerac is romance at its noblest. The greatest literary success of the past year was that won by M. Rostand with this poem. The greatest dramatic successes of the year were those won by Richard Mansfield and Henry Lee in Cyrano. The people, quick to perceive and appreciate the beautiful and the good, if these qualities be set out simply and directly, have given a splendid endorsement alike to poet, poem and players.

Here in Chicago it is the fashion of the nimble-witted to sneer at the popular tastes in art and letters. Not without provocation, either, where, as on great public occasions, the people are perforce represented by the captains of their commerce and industry. But, when, as now, the people of Chicago are permitted to speak their views without intervention of self-constituted leaders, their judgment is promptly and unerringly given for the better part.

I know not by what miracle or accident the farce-ridden theatrical managers of America were brought to produce a play of the stamp worn by Cyrano. I had come to believe that they were irrevocably com-

mitted to the exploitation of trap-door "comedies" and of harlot-heroines. For this unexpected good fortune I return thanks, asking no questions.

Several weeks, as this is written, Chicago has had a choice of two interpretations of M. Rostand's poem. At the Grand Opera house, Richard Mansfield; at the Great Northern theatre, Henry Lee. Lee opened first, and the papers gave him scant courtesy; the critics knew that Mansfield was to follow and they saved their adulatory adjectives for him. Mansfield came, and the papers overran their borders with indiscriminate praise. Critics, so-called, circumnavigated the English language in search of new verbal bouquets to toss to the great tragedian. Here and there a scant and patronizing half dozen lines on Lee. He would serve, they said, for those who were too poor in purse to pay the Mansfield prices. The fashionable flocked to the Grand; seats were obtainable only by advance application. Wealth and beauty filled the boxes and shone brilliantly in the circle. University youngsters and the horny-fisted elbowed each other amicably in the top gallery. Meantime Lee was attracting each day larger audiences to the Great Northern. Here were the democracy of hand and brain, men repelled and wearied by the blare of trumpets kept up day and night by the Mansfield claque; men charmed to forgetfulness of the grind by the genuine feeling and the poetic intuition that characterized the lesser actor's Cyrano.

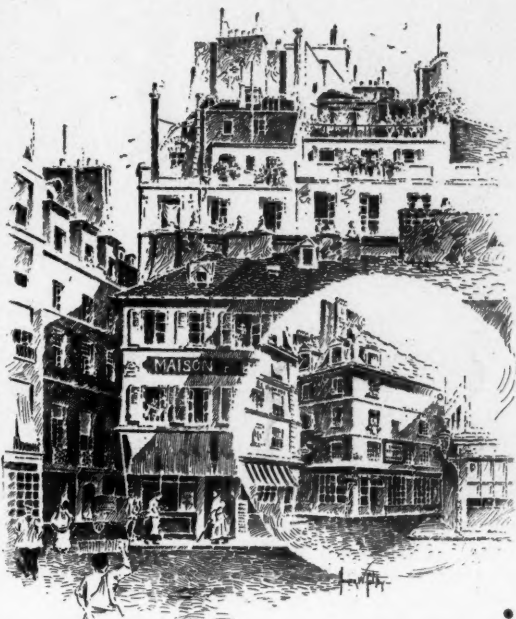
Heresy is the first of the virtues. Heresy is individuality. It is courage. I can conceive of no ranker heresy than to assert, as I do assert, that Lee is infinitely superior to Mansfield as Cyrano. Do you have a mental picture of Cyrano as a little man? Absurd! No mere planner of campaigns, no Napoleon. But a herculean figure of a man, set up for hand-to-hand combat, an invincible duelist, victor over a hundred ruffians banded to dispute his progress. Lee looks the part, is the part. He brings to the interpretation a reverence for the sublime sentiments of the poem; Mansfield too evidently has reverence only for the sublime greatness of Mansfield. He is a little Cyrano, palpably padded as to legs,

strutting and mouthing through a great man's part. Hearing Lee you forget the actor, and follow only the story—the witty, pathetic, ennobling conception of the poet. Hearing Mansfield, you are affronted by the painfully self-conscious attitude of the actor. Here is all stage art, so-called, brought to its perfected state. No player on the Mansfield stage enunciates imperfectly or falters at all in articulation. The words leap across to you clear-cut and cool. You hear every utterance distinctly and wonder what it is you are losing that was present in the book. Presently you realize that it is feeling which is lacking. Gestures, costuming, stage setting, are Oh, how carefully wrought out! But the aroma of the play is not there. The rose has no perfume. Mansfield is all, the poet nothing. The Cyrano he shows you is not the Cyrano that Rostand created, but is Mansfield, icy exact, repellent, in another garb. Mansfield has not limited his outrages upon the poem to the leading character. His poets whom Lee's finer sense left as the author wrote them down—innocently pitiful yet not lacking a certain dignity which the contemplation of noble ideals gives to even the weakest man—are broad burlesque. Himself a writer of indifferent rhymes, it might have been expected that Mansfield would forbear to cariture unnecessarily the gift to which he once, if vainly, aspired. It is the revenge of the mummer upon the creator.

I know little of the arts of the stage. For me a play is life or it is nothing. In Mansfield's Cyrano, I am assured, one sees the ultimate expression of stage art. In Lee's Cyrano I see life. When Lee as Cyrano stood beneath the balcony, speaking his heart out through his rival's lips, I felt a

choking at the throat; the tears that would not be repressed proved the sympathy that makes the whole world kin.

As in poetry and in music, the best stage art must be the art that conceals art. This is the art of M. Rostand, who has given the world a powerful antidote for the moral poison with which his country's poets and story tellers have in these later days so



foully polluted the literary atmosphere. This, too, is the art of Henry Lee, who best interprets the poet's masterpiece.

The appearance of Cyrano upon the stage and its tremendous triumph there has another and a deeper significance. It proves that poetry is not dead; that the poet is still the prince of literature; that the people prefer purity robed in beauty rather than gilded salacity; that they are still true to the finest tradition of the race. I have not doubted these truths, but I rejoice in this new proof of their being.

Frank Putnam.

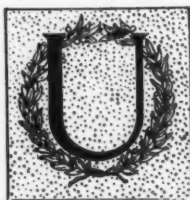


"THERE BEING NOTHING LEFT TO TALK ABOUT MR. BLISS PICKED UP HIS SILK HAT AND BEGAN CAREFULLY TO SMOOTH IT THE WRONG WAY."

Drawn by W. H. Upham.

THE MCFARLAND GIRLS

BY ANNA FARQUHAR



UNTIL the early seventies in the days of hoop-skirts and side combs, there flourished in a small Indiana town a young ladies' seminary, carried on by Miss McFarland and Miss Mary Ann McFarland.

Although these guardians of maidenhood were stilled called "the McFarland girls," they had more then "just turned thirty"

when the seminary was first started, quite ten years before the crucial period of which I am about to tell. Appearance indicated no difference in ages between Miss McFarland and Miss Mary Ann; but occasionally one of the sisters would lay down the law sufficiently to show some feeling of rightful authority owing to one year more of mortal experience.

This was Miss McFarland. The other sister would quietly give in with a pleasant "Yes, Sister. Just as you say." This was Miss Mary Ann, whose only compensation

for comparative youth was in the possession of smoother skin and glossier hair than "Sister." She would never confess this much even to herself. The perfect union of the two in thought and deed was one of the entertaining facts made much of at all social gatherings. However, when quietly withdrawing her will from the scene of action she would frequently smooth her fine black hair, and, with a consoling sigh, glance in a convenient mirror for the effect. Dressing alike and sharing every thought, had moulded the sisters so completely into one being—the principal of the McFarland seminary—that male intruders with matrimonial intentions had perforce kept their distance, doubting their own powers of attraction being sufficient to divide these "lineal descendants of the purest aristocracies," who posed on the ragged edge of Poverty Hill with their heads held high in the air.

Mr. Elisha Bliss was the one male inhabitant of the quiet town brave enough to call once a week, as such frequency among the Hoosier pioneers was apt to be construed into a desire to "wait upon" the recipient of the attention. His boldness had now lasted many years without interruption and without issue. The gentleman in question was a tall, rather limp specimen, whose greatest natural adornments were a fine head of brown hair, always carefully curled, and a soft persuasive voice.

Mr. Bliss was a member of the firm of Bliss, Banks & Co., booksellers. As he was apt to remark to the Misses McFarland, "Our occupations form a bond of union between us. You sell knowledge verbally, while I educate the ignorant by the sale of the written erudition of the age." To which Miss McFarland or Miss Mary Ann, as the case might be, would feelingly reply, "We appreciate the situation, Mr. Bliss, and are always grateful for your companionship and advice." Miss Mary Ann had once used the word friendship in this connection before Sister, but it proved her only venture of the kind, as she was met with a severe reprimand for thus using an "endearing epithet" in relation to a single gentleman—for Elisha Bliss was single. He indulged in a bach-

elorhood of forty-five years standing, never having gone through the blinding process of love unless, as gossip insinuated, he was "waiting on one of the McFarland girls, but the Lord only knows which one," owing to the regularity of his seminary calls; to which Dame Rumor replied, "He certainly does wear his sittin' breeches when he pays his respects." Saturday afternoon being always a free time with the sisters, it was set apart for receiving any chance visitors, as Sunday, in their own words, "belongs not to us, but to our Maker." Their inherited Scotch Presbyterian faith precluded any relaxation on the Sabbath from the prescribed course of three church services, relieved by cold meals prepared on Saturday, and the reading of psalms and hymns. Accordingly, one Saturday afternoon, Miss Mary Ann sat at work on her tatting at a decorous distance from the window, where she could catch a glimpse through the Venetian blinds of callers or passers by. As she sat her stiff black silk, with the assistance of the hoop-skirt stood, quite alone, as it were. The trim bodice and loose sleeves became well her slight figure; while her black hair brought out the quiet strength of the face no longer young. For the first time in twenty years she was prepared to receive her friends without Miss McFarland, the latter being laid up with rheumatism for the only time on reception days during all these years.

With great temerity Miss Mary Ann had consented to her sister's desire that she receive alone; and now, as her attention was called by a clicking of the latch of the front gate, the feeling of a *débutante* almost overpowered her. The caller proving to be Mr. Bliss, she was somewhat reassured, but her voice showed embarrassment as she responded to the familiar "Are you enjoying your usual good health, Miss Mary Ann?" by a hurried explanation of her sister's absence through indisposition. Mr. Bliss expressed his regret at Miss McFarland's illness, but did not seem particularly despondent at the prospect of an hour with Miss Mary Ann. Some talk followed about the last prayer meeting, in which Mr. Bliss had taken quite a conspicuous part; the condition of the seminary; the weathe-

which had been rather falling of late; and other topics of like importance. Finally a pause of uncomfortable length ensued. There seemed to be nothing left to talk about. Mr. Bliss picked up his silk hat, which had been carefully placed on the floor beside his chair, and quite as carefully smoothed it the wrong way with his finest handkerchief, drawn from the pocket of his coat-tails. The tatting became refractory, and at her wits' end for something to say, Miss Mary Ann broke the pause usually filled by her sister's conversation with the question, "Mr. Bliss—ah!—why, Mr. Bliss, can you tell me how far it is between the mile posts?" Immediately seeing her own stupidity the poor little lady blushed most becomingly, a thing unheard of since her schoolgirl days.

Mr. Bliss expressed his surprise only by a cessation of the hat polishing, though he looked at her and replied in a heavily jocular way, "I had always supposed about a mile, Miss Mary Ann." This Benedict was not above the flattery of a woman's blush and generally flustered condition at finding herself alone with him. After clearing his throat with a meaning *ahem!* he sat very straight in his chair, and in his exhorting tone of voice, most impressive in weekly meeting, he began, "The Scriptures teach us, Miss Mary Ann, that man was not made to live alone." Here he paused to note the effect of his words upon the lady opposite, who was recovering from her embarrassment under the influence of his solemn manner, then proceeded. "For some time I have thought seriously about this advice, and it has been borne in upon me that I am a black sheep in the Master's fold in my present lonely condition. For many years your admirable qualities have been before my eyes, Miss Mary Ann. My respect for them and you has grown every day, until I feel called upon to tell you of the state of my feelings, and ask you if you are willing to be my companion down the hill of life?" In the depths of the heart thus appealed to had long been hidden that inexplicable emotion without which no woman's life is fully rounded out, and this emotion had been generated by the attractions of Mr. Elisha Bliss. This was the crisis of an unselfish life. It meant pro-

tection and affection or entire renunciation for another, owing to a curious family custom which I will allow the victim to explain. She was so long silent that Mr. Bliss was on the point of renewing the unexpected attack when she said with a quivering smile around the patient mouth:

"I am too surprised for words, Mr. Bliss! I—I—s—supposed it was Sister!" and she had an intuitive feeling that Sister thought so too and was pleased at the idea.

"No," he replied; "Miss McFarland is a lady greatly to be admired, but I have chosen you to be my wife, provided you will consent."

"But I cannot consent," she answered.

Looking blank and displeased he asked:

"Is it because you cannot reciprocate my feelings, Miss Mary Ann?"

For a moment she hesitated, then with honest dignity explained:

"No, it is not that; but I can never marry until Sister is provided for in that way. It has been a rule in our family from time immemorial that the eldest daughter must be married before her younger sister can accept any such offers."

"But do you consider such a condition of things to be reasonable, Miss Mary Ann?" came from the discomfited suitor.

She drew herself up, and with a glance of pride at an old-fashioned portrait hanging on the wall replied:

"My father's judgment in all things was and is supreme, Mr. Bliss. In his last moments he bade me remember the precedent of generations, to be ever constant to the interests of my elder sister." Then with a gentle sigh and in a lower tone she continued, "If you wish to make me happy, ask Sister to be your wife."

Did ever man before listen to such a proposition, and, what is even more remarkable, accept it?

Was it pique, or resignation to the inevitable—to a Ruling Providence—which enabled him to reply, "Very well, if this is your final decision, I will speak to Miss McFarland on the subject at the first opportunity; you are my choice, but no doubt your sister will make a good wife, if she is willing." With a composed "Good afternoon," he left Miss Mary Ann to the

burial of her one hope of marital happiness.

She entered the sick-room an hour later with a bright face; related the fact that Mr. Bliss had called, and her own failure to be entertaining when left to herself. No reference was made to the rejected offer. A month later Elisha Bliss had become the prospective partner for life of Miss McFarland upon the one condition that Mary Ann was always to make her home with them. No allusion was ever made, by word or action between the participants, to the trying scene enacted behind the Venetian blinds on a certain Saturday afternoon. One night at the weekly meeting Miss Mary Ann looked up in the midst of the familiar hymn,

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above,"

surprising a reproachful glance from a pair of gray eyes, belonging to Elisha Bliss, fixed upon her persistently. This was all; and it never happened again.

In the fall the Young Ladies' Seminary did not reopen. Mrs. McFarland and Miss Mary Ann became, respectively, wife and sister-in-law to Mr. Elisha Bliss. For twenty years the three formed a harmonious domestic household. It was always "Sister and I think so and so," or "Elisha thinks with us that certain changes would be an improvement." A few years after the domestic partnership was formed, "Elisha" showed signs of weakness in the chest, which grew upon him, developing into the old-fashioned slow consumption. The sisters divided the necessary feminine attention between them, sharing sorrow and joy alike through many years of increasing pecuniary loss and hardship. Mr. and Mrs. Bliss would never listen to Mary Ann's desire to go out and make her own way in the world. "Not while I have a roof over my head," the elder sister would emphatically insist; and how they would ever have gotten on without her it is im-

possible even to imagine. Not long ago Elisha died, after coughing through nearly a quarter of a century, leaving the two old ladies to one another, as he found them, unwaveringly devoted one to the other; living in the old house, full of things quaint and curious, though somewhat threadbare, and wearing, as of old, hoop-skirts and sidecombs. The straight, prim figures are still unbending; but Miss Mary Ann's skin has lost its bloom, and Sister's manner of speech has grown more yielding. When they gave up the infant class in Sunday school, which was long their special charge and interest, to younger hands, their maternal instinct found vent in making the neighborhood children happy. Among my earliest gastronomic recollections is one of fragrant little bundles sent me on every holiday with Miss Mary Ann's love, which, on being excitedly opened, proved to be gingerbread animals or men and women with dried-currant eyes; not perfect from an anatomical standpoint, but how heavenly to the childish palate! As I matured sufficiently to comprehend their entire devotion to each other, the thought frequently occurred to me, "What would become of either one if the other should follow Elisha alone?" Miss Mary Ann without Sister would be devoid of her stronger half; while Sister, parted from Mary Ann, would lose her noblest complement. The time has not yet come for this separation, and I trust with all my heart that they may together join Elisha, "Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet, Their Saviour and brethren transported, to greet, While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the Soul," in the words of their favorite hymn, which they have sung every Sunday evening directly after tea since girlhood.

I doubt if Miss Mary Ann has ever for a moment regretted her sacrifice, for the joy of her life is in making others happy. As for Elisha Bliss, he will always remain an enigma to me, for if Sister did not suit as well as his first choice, he was a master in the art of deception.



MISS MAUD ANDREWS GRANT.

HOW FASHIONS ARE ILLUSTRATED

BY JOSEPH H. LEWIS

AS much a part of the newspaper of to-day as the editorial page is the "Page of Fashions," although it does not appear with the same unfailing diurnal regularity.

But the proportion of the daily newspaper that has been absorbed for the delectational style, if the careful observer will remember, just about doubled, and with it the number and variety of the drawings of women's apparel. It is reasonable to believe that but few of these drawings have interested the sterner sex, but the present connection furnishes occasion for the novel yet serious query as to what extent outside of their purely millinery value—as a "Fashion Plate"—they have interested even the most rapt devotees of the fanciful goddess of dress.

Do they, as a rule, contribute as drawings to the æsthetic sense?

Is there evinced generally distinction in line and daintiness in treatment?

Is there usually a marked and careful adaptation of the face to the figure, and of both to the costume?

In plates where groups are introduced, is the eye constantly gratified by a naive and cheerful composition, typifying and intensifying the best points of each costume?

In a word, is the treatment of the fashion plate, wherever and whenever seen in this exalted *fin de siècle*, of much greater artistic moment than a lay figure of pasteboard on which a paper costume is pinned?

The exceptions to the rule above cited are so very few that the general answer must be a prompt and emphatic negative. Aside from a few Parisian publications, which can be comfortably numbered in five seconds, there is emitted from the myriad

and mournful procession of stiffly drawn, badly poised and confusedly grouped figures that stretch in an eternal newspaper and periodical procession across this continent, scarcely one solacing ray of æsthetic feeling.

From week to week in the Saturday editions of the great dailies, and from month to month in "The World of Fashions," "The Mirror of Beauty" and "The Dress-makers' Guide" they march solemn, stiff and uninviting to any particular sense except that which springs from a purely selfish motive—the desire for personal adornment. Now art is distinctly unselfish—impersonal. She is like the motto of the Cosmopolitan, "From every man according to his ability." And the query has probably escaped, in the declension of a hopeless sigh, a countless number of times, from the bosom of the intelligent woman, "Why cannot a fashion plate be made beautiful?" Why not, indeed, my dear madam? Why not as charming in some sort of degree as your own lovely self? You cer-



Eight O'clock



tainly cannot imagine yourself looking like any faint and far away reflection of that figure in the walking habit which your dressmaker copied from the last number of "The Dress." Rather you resemble Diana, habited in the latest triumph from Paris. Why, madam, did not your double of the fashion plate look so? Why, indeed? It is a relief in this desert of æsthetic sterility to discover a green and smiling oasis in the work of a Boston young lady, who has, within half a year, made

her début as a delineator of fashions.

I wish first to speak of the methods of work adopted by this young woman, which are unique so far as I know, and which contribute to give to her drawings a freshness and a verisimilitude of life that do not belong to the ordinary fashion plate. Her sketches are all made direct from nature, so to speak, if I may stultify the goddess in that fashion. She is an observer of dress, as Rousseau was an observer of nature. Her predilection is the ideal. Her field is the pavement, the theatre, the street car, wherever there is a well-dressed woman. The shrines of fashion are not slighted. But the peculiarity of this young woman's work is that, with the true artist's instinct, she has learned to observe dress with re-

After Tea



gard to the wearer and the environment in which it is worn, and she manages, despite the general meagreness of her medium, to give us a surprising number of drawings that satisfy a genuine sense of the picturesque. There is a delicious feminine instinct evident in the treatment of all her work that must be subtly enchanting to the average woman. Herein she fulfills the first law of the particular field of effort she has chosen for herself. So extreme, indeed, is the sensitiveness of Miss Grant's temperament that it is almost impossible for her to give the figures of men, which she somewhat rarely introduces into her groups, their full relative value. In view of the success with which she invariably

handles feminine types this can hardly be called a drawback. I speak of it simply as instancing a rather rare quality in one who, at nineteen, is already a successful draughtsman in her particular field. The tendency of the æsthetic instinct is bisexual. It will be interesting to watch Miss Grant's gradual unfolding, to observe whether we have in her a *rara avis*, a departure from the general law. She who can depict women and children only.

While the progress of this young woman has been surprisingly rapid the past few months, during which she has been before the public in the columns of the *Boston Herald*, her general development has been along gradual lines, and the results she has

attained are in every sense the legitimate fruits of careful study and application.

She is the daughter of an artist who paints marine views in a more than conventional style, and the sister of one of our very best draughtsmen in black and white. She early evinced the family predilection for the pencil. At sixteen she entered the school of the Museum of Fine Arts, where she remained for a year. Miss Grant then took up a course of private instruction with Caroline Hunt Rimmer, under whose watchful eye she made a careful study of the anatomy of the human figure. A trip to England last year, which seriously strengthened her sense of the pictur-



esque, was also partly devoted to study under a London master. Her aims have always been modest, and so far she has not aspired beyond pen and ink as a medium in her published work, although in private practice she handles water color with rather marked and distinctive technical ability. Her first original essay was a series of wonderfully well designed figures of children, on which she bestowed much and delicate care in the elaboration of various changes of costume. These were done in water color, and the originals are curious in their sense of the rare perfection attained in so very simple an undertaking. The series was bought by the *Boston Globe* a couple of years ago and reproduced in color, attracted the attention of other newspaper publishers as a distinct novelty. The *New York World*, the *Journal* and other great dailies imitated the idea, which then spread to the Western papers, and the paper doll craze thus started was for several weeks a feature of Sunday Journalism.

For a year or more she has been an occasional contributor of drawings to the *Boston Herald* and other more serious publications. Some fashion sketches made about five months ago attracted the particular attention of the art editor of the *Herald*, and she has since been engaged at a permanent salary on that paper.

The apt conclusion, from a general survey of her work in the *Herald*, is that this young woman has evolved from an extremely youthful consciousness a new spirit in the treatment of the fashion design. Her work evinces an æsthetic intelligence, from which the public has a reasonable right to expect many contributions to its pleasure along higher and stronger lines. It is impossible to predict how so young an artist as Miss Grant will fulfil herself. She is wavering just now between the purely decorative motive and a strong temptation to enter the dramatic field of illustration. The sanity of her constitution is evident in that



she is content in that her work is worthy at present, and yet ill-content in that higher aims beckon. It is more than possible that the careful evolution of the years will give us in her an illustrator of feminine and juvenile types at least with a rarer sense of the vision of beauty than is the heritage of any of the women who contribute to the very masculine school of general illustration that is now prevalent. On the other hand, she evinces an efficiency in the handling of difficult and delicate points of design in costume that would seem to proclaim her a born decorator. Her treatment of backgrounds and accessories invariably carries out the same feeling.

Since the above was written Miss Grant has gone to New York for permanent residence, her work there connecting her with the *New York Herald* and other publications, although she still contributes regularly to the Boston papers.



ALMOST A CRIME

MERTON arrived unexpectedly on the four-thirty, with the Berwick matter settled satisfactorily, and he had the certified check in his pocket; so I put on my coat and ran uptown to tell Dorothy to cancel my cancellation of our theatre party for that evening.

I was in a beastly rush, too, and she made me wait longer than she ever had during the ten years we had chummed it together.

When she came down, at length, her eyes were red. I ignored it like a gentleman, and told her my business.

"Well," she said, "I can't go."

"Well," I said, "you must go."

"Don't say must to me," she said. "I tell you I will not go."

"As for that," I said, "you may suit yourself. But you are going. I have said it."

She drew herself up haughtily, five feet and a few insignificant inches.

"Mr. Emerson," she said, and then she dropped into an arm chair and said: "Don't tease me, Bob; I am in the dreadfulest trouble." She hid her face in her handkerchief.

I dropped into an arm chair myself.

"If it's that," I said, "it's different. Doesn't it fit?"

"Now you *are* teasing," she said; "and I told you not to." She was very sober. "Really I am in the most fearful scrape. I shall die to-night."

"The dickens!" I said. "Can't you stop the curfew, or set back the hands of the clock, or something? It would be awfully inconvenient for me to lay off for a funeral just now."

"Please don't, Bob," she said. "If you only knew how serious it is."

"Tell me," I said, "and maybe I'll know. Sometimes you are intelligible."

"If I only dared——" she said wistfully.

"It's your duty," I said sternly; "haven't I been a brother to you for——"

"Bob," she said suddenly, "I'm engaged."

"The devil!" I cried before I thought.

"Twice," she said meekly.

I only whistled.

"One happened at Bar Harbor early in the season," she said, gazing at the tip of her shoe, "and the other at Bar Harbor late in the season."

"Do I know the fellows?" I asked.

"One was from Boston," she said, still more meekly, "and the other was from Philadelphia. And that isn't the worst." (As if being engaged to a fellow from Philadelphia wasn't bad enough!) "The one from Boston is coming here to-night."

"Well," I said "you can jolly him along all right."

She was very meek now.

"And the one from Philadelphia," she said faintly, "is coming here to-night, too."

"Dorothy," I said, sternly, "you *have* put your foot in it."

She turned her foot and looked at it reproachfully.

"Isn't it dreadful," she said, with awe.

"Very," I said bluntly.

"I never imagined such a complication."

"Of course not," I said.

"And I only—only did it for—for amusement, you know," she said, with a sickly smile.

"Certainly," I said, sternly.

"What do you suppose they'll do?" she asked anxiously.

I thought a moment.

"I don't believe they will send you to the penitentiary," I ventured.

Dorothy almost laughed.

"What nonsense you talk, Bob," she said.

"But still," I said earnestly, "they might."

"Don't be silly," she said, pouting.

"Heaven forbid," I cried. "I will try to save you. At least, I will try to have the sentence made as light as possible. It is a very serious case."

She opened her eyes widely.

"Do you mean——" she gasped.

"Of course I mean," I said. "A lawyer should know."

"But how——" she cried.

"If you were killed in a railway accident through the fault of the company," I said severely, "your family could collect five thousand dollars."

"But I'm not killed in an accident," she protested.

"When you became engaged to the one from Boston," I said, without noticing her interruption, "you became his, and he became yours."

"But I didn't mean it," she said.

"The law recognizes no 'Indian trades,'" I said, still more sternly. "As your life is worth five thousand dollars, you really gave him that amount."

"I should hope," she said proudly, "he thought I was of greater value."

"So much the worse," I said. "Then you give yourself to the one from Philadelphia in exchange for that one. To do that you had to steal yourself from the one in Boston. That is grand larceny. I expect they will give you ten years for that, unless you can prove you are worth less."

"Never!" she cried firmly.

"Then," I continued, "in promising yourself to the one from Boston in exchange for himself you were obtaining goods under false pretences. They will probably give you five years for that."

She was holding the arms of the chair with both hands.

"Also," I said, "when you had taken yourself from the one from Boston, and before you gave yourself to the one from

Philadelphia, you were a receiver of stolen goods, and you will get ten years for that."

"That's twenty-five," she said, dolefully.

"Are there any more?"

"As you couldn't marry both," I continued, "one of them could sue for breach of promise, and you would probably get ten years more for that. If you flirted with them you were also accessory before the fact. And——"

"Bob," she gasped, "what shall I do?"

I stood up and rattled my keys in my pocket.

"There is just one way out of it," I said.

"Is there a way out of it?" she cried, clasping her hands.

"Yes," I said gravely; "but it is an heroic measure."

"I would do anything!" she said.

"I warn you," I said, "it is a very grave step, but it is a very grave case."

"I don't care what it is," she said.

"You must be married!" I said.

"Married!" she cried. "But I don't want to marry either of them."

"Of course not," I explained. "It must be another."

"A third one!" she gasped.

"Yes," I said. "When you marry the third one you and he become one, and he is the one. As *he* wasn't engaged to, with or by the one from Boston, nor the one from Philadelphia, the case is null and void."

Dorothy looked at me despairingly.

"I *never* could find another one," she said.

"Dorothy," I said, with all the resignation I could screw into my voice, "I will save you. I will be the third one."

"Oh, Bob!" she cried.

It was funny I had never discovered I loved her until that afternoon.

"I think," I said, some time later, before I left, "you should tell me their names. Who is the one from Boston?"

She looked at me guiltily.

"There isn't any one from Boston," she said, "and there isn't any one from Philadelphia, and there never was. There is just the one from New York."

"Dorothy," I said, "you are a——" I tried to think of a scathing word. I couldn't.

"You are a dear," I said.

"I thought you would never propose,

Bob," she said. "You aren't angry, are you?"

"Very," I said fiercely, "and I shall punish you at once."

But I didn't, for the maid entered to announce dinner.

Ellis Parker Butler.

THE SNOW-SHOVEL NUISANCE

AS an eye opener in early morn the lawn-mower is far more welcome to me than is the snow-shovel. Either sound is exasperating, but the lawn-mower simply is obnoxious as a sound, and nothing more. The words the snow-shovel uses are what makes that implement the more hateful.

The snow-shovel always says: "Snow has fallen on your walks. Get up and clean them." The lawn-mower merely indicates that some poor devil is at work, doing something that I did yesterday.

Snow makes no allowance for past diligence.

How I loathe my neighbor, who arises so early, and scrapes, scrapes, scrapes at his measly little twenty feet of walk. If it were not for him I could lie abed and snooze, and never know trouble until I was ready to greet it by peering out of my window to see if it had stormed over night.

After I have been awakened to the noise of the snow-shovel next door, I cannot close my eyes to the hideous programme that awaits my rendition.

During the brief respite I give myself before actually rolling out, dressing, and sallying forth, I picture in my mind the big, broad, interminable front walk, all full of nails sticking up. I bitterly regret that as often do I fail to do it. In fact, strange to say, the protruding nails are not visible to the naked eye when the walk is clean. They are marvellously cunning nails, and hide until covered with snow, when they bob out just far enough to catch the edge of the shovel.

I strive to make a nice, sweeping furrow through the snow, from one side of the walk to the other, and biff! the shovel is stopped by a nail head, and I run into the handle with my stomach before I can

check my momentum. The walk is thickly strewn with such ambuscades, and words—the most robust in my vocabulary—thus far have been inefficient to correct the evil. Some day I must go at it with a hammer.

Then there is the walk leading from the front walk to the porch.

A narrow brick walk—bricks confoundedly uneven—from the front of the house around to the side door.

A continuation of this thoroughfare to the back porch.

A walk formed by two parallel lines of planks, with a space between, from the back porch to the barn.

Branches tributary to this, to wit:

Path to woodshed.

Path to another shed.

Path to pump.

Path to ash pile.

Path to wood pile.

Also these items must be reckoned in:

Platform around pump.

Space at barn door, where horse sometimes stands.

Space at wood pile, where girl sometimes stands when in search of a big chunk of wood.

Back porch, with steps.

Side porch, with steps.

Front porch, with steps.

Horse block, and short walk to it.

But I have saved the worst until the last. I am not yet through with the yard. It is a curious fact that in our town it always snows on Sunday night or Monday night. This, because the first two week days the maid hangs out the clothes, weather and soot permitting, and I must follow the course of her clothes-line with the shovel. The line crosses and recrosses the back yard, like a maze, or a fishnet. Usually before I finish the last turn in the labyrinth, snow of a fresh storm is falling on the first turn.

I am not ready to get up, quite yet. Our town has a large snow-shovel, drawn by horses, that is a ministering angel—to some portions of the resident district. It appears mysteriously, unaccountably, never twice in the same place. I live in hopes that sometime it will come along on our street. So I stay in bed expectantly, until I hear people going by, ruthlessly packing

the snow onto the walk, and causing me much additional labor.

This impels me to action.

Edwin L. Sabin.

'Twas Ever Thus

SOMEWHERE in that big city of New York I have a friend; facetious, frank, and irresponsible youthful. Some times he writes me clever letters, sometimes he doesn't. I have threatened to publish some of them if he didn't himself. I will, some day. This is the day.

The M—H—Hotel, New York,
Sunday, January 8, 1899.

Dear Friend:

I take my pen in hand that I may indite—bah! obsolete, superseded by

Dear Old Chap:

I take the typewriter in my arms in order to imprint—oh fie!—oh Kappa!—such rot.

But from my heart,—really I have the most awful blues. It's no pipe-dream, either. The small Mother is up against the Grippe for fair, and my last girl has relegated me to the bottom drawer with the old gloves, the faded flowers and all the rest of those other curios of her southern trip. Oh! they're all alike. (Proper remark always used by the cynic at 26).

I shall go South the first of the month quite unattached; D.V. A totally new experience for me. No girl left behind this trip. Fresh and panting for new victims and golf honors, and this is how it will go.

"THE SAME OLD JOLLY."

A COMEDY

IN

FOUR ACTS

BY V. TRULY.

[CAST:]

He—A regular visitor.....

She—Her first season.....

Both fair actors and each holding the degree G. B. (Bachelor of Guile.)

ACT I.

Ocean beach between Daytona, Fla., and elsewhere.—He and She discovered on

bicycles coasting before the wind (for description of the beach see advertising matter of the Florida Sea Coast System.)

She—I am so glad that Fate has thrown us together here. I meet so few people while travelling whom I care to make friends of.

He—"And we shall be friends then?"

She—"Good friends!"

He—"But friendship means so much more to me than mere acquaintance—" &c. ad nauseam, until they vote to become friends.

ACT II.

Station at Elsewhere—Palm Beach, Limited, going North, just leaving.

She (squeezing his hand) "Good-bye, Saturday at the Alcazar—good-bye—foolish boy—Of course I will—Stop! (*straightening her hat.*) Yes, the first waltz—"

He—"Good-bye—I'll be there—"

Train pulls out to a chorus of farewells from golfers, bicyclists, nigger caddies, etc.

ACT III.

(A balcony of the Casino at St. Augustine—Night—Across the deserted city the lighthouse winks in a knowing way—Within, the band of the 3rd U. S. Artillery is playing the "Renée waltzes.")

He and She (un)discovered in the darkest corner.)

She—And to-morrow at this time I shall be in Carolina—will you miss me, dear?"

He—"I shall count the days until I can follow—"

She—"Yes, with Miss Jones."

He—"I believe it is a good thing you're going."

She—"Oh! How awfully nasty of you—what—"

He—"What I mean is this—I fear I'm getting too fond of you, Imogene."

She—(very pleased) "Do you really mean that, Terence?—just a little? Oh, I'm so glad—I was so afraid it was only—I want you to like me, dear—(here the curtain hoist breaks and kindly draws a veil over it all.)

ACT IV.

(Near Broadway, Metropolis of America.) Palm Garden at the Waldorf-Castoria

After the theatre.

Enter He at one door with peroxide lady,—She at R. U. E. with famous western anything.

They rush forward and greet one another furiously—announce their respective engagements and apologize for the absence of their respective fiancées, and end up with chorus:

"Oh what fun we had South last season!"

Curtain.

Book of the play may be had at "The Sign of the Ape," New York, or at the box office.

Really, old man, ask some one if Florida moonlight isn't the real thing. You ought to try it yourself.

She hasn't written to me in six weeks—nay, forsooth—seven.

"Well, cheer up, some day I'll write you a sane letter.

Say my "Brushwood" girl from Chicago is here from the Windsor. We've been doing New York. Nice place New York!

Good-night. I'll be better in the morning.

Yours as ever, faithfully,

Terry.

P. S.—We'll cut all that old fellow. For would you believe it, in the last mail I found a most exquisite ivory miniature of Her. It's all "on" again Boy, and worse than ever. Same girl? Cert'nly. Marriages are made in Heaven. Engagements are prerogatives of our own, thank goodness. So long! The stately palms and mystical moonlight in a week or so. Try it, sometime.

Again and always yours,

T.

C. Menzies Miller.

SLEEPING WITH WILLIE

WHEN Perkins urged me to "run out to dinner some time and stay over night" I was torn by conflicting emotions, for Perkins married the woman without whom I once swore I could not exist. But I will confess to a sneaking desire to gaze once more upon the face that had so indelibly fixed itself on my

mind, and look once more into those fine blue eyes; and so one rare November evening, I awoke from dreams of love and youth to find myself under her very roof, with my heart thumping like a very young lover's—or a very old fools. How I passed through the ordeal you who have been lovers yourselves well know; the others couldn't appreciate the situation anyway, so I spare myself the pain of telling.

The dinner, during which I carried on monosyllabic conversation with any one who spoke to me, was only a little more trying than the two hours' solitary confinement which I suffered shut up with my host in his "den," as he called it, and bedtime came as a balm to my drooping spirits none too quickly.

While on the train Perkins said he hoped I "wouldn't mind having Willie for a bed-fellow. Some of his wife's relations had dropped in on them, you know." What could I do?

Willie seemed a likely boy, growing fast and strong, with no lack of appetite, as I had noticed at dinner, but in that awkward age of tomboyishness through which a firm parental hand is necessary to guide the wandering steps of youth: I thought I noticed evidences of "the rod having been spared" in the Perkins family, and later developments would seem to bear me out.

I stood in the middle of the floor looking cautiously first in Willie's direction and then at the two wide open windows on either side of the room, undecided just what course to pursue.

To divest myself of my coverings while that chill November breeze was whistling through the room was quite too much. It made my teeth chatter to think of it. One of the windows squeaked when I lowered it and Willie awoke with a snort.

"What'r yer closin' them windows for? I want 'em open, see? If yer want 'er sleep in a hot-house there's one up in the square." I meekly opened the windows again and went shivering to my task of preparing for slumber. Willie seemed satisfied with my apology, for he was snoring vigorously before I stretched my weary form beside him in an uncertain bid for some of nature's "Sweet Restorer."

How long I slept I do not know, but it seemed well toward morning when from out of the depths came a voice, at first indistinct and far away. I opened one eye, being but half awakened by the sound, thinking perhaps it might be the call for rising; but through the open window I could see the glimmering stars pendent in a clear, frosty sky, and I knew it could not have been that, so off I dozed again. Sundry mutterings in my ear brought me to a realizing sense that it certainly was an "early morning call" but *not* to breakfast.

"Hey, there, you lobster! Fall on it! Fall on it!"

"Night-mare, sure," thought I. "He must mean the salad we had at dinner." Then I nudged him gently.

"You're off side!" greeted my effort, accompanied by a combination of gutturals and labials that would put to blush a fluent Choctaw.

What the deuce was the young imp talking about? Then, "Three times three for Handover," whoever he was, quickly followed by the injunction to "Line up!"

"Great Scott! The foot-ball game!—or was it the pie? In either case this ends my slumber," thought I, bitterly. That was a good guess: it did! Then followed a vivid "tone-picture" of the memorable struggle of the afternoon between the rival school elevens. I bided my opportunity and then deftly jabbed him one in the region of his solar plexus with my elbow, but he countered neatly and I went to my corner of the bed to regain my impaired wind.

"Hold hard now, boys!" was the next pleasantrie from the human hyena as he grabbed an armful of clothes and planted a pair of large, damp, icy "nines" in the small of my back; but meeting a stubborn and unlooked for resistance, he wisely desisted and assumed once more a respectable longitudinal posture. My soul instinctively gave vent to a fervid *Jubilate Deo*, but it quickly changed to a *De Profundis* as Willie rose like a trout at a fly and yelled, "He fumbles! Hie Micky, go it!" Murder in my heart, I reached for his pillow where-with to "swat" him,—and missed it by a foot, as Willie, pillow, clothes and all disappeared over the edge of the bed. With the refinement of cruelty—so he could re-

peat the experiment doubtless—the hero of the gridiron carefully spread the clothes over me and jumped in himself, none the worse for his tumble. Suspicious quiet reigned. I learned later, just as I was beginning to get my nerves a little under control, that it was only the intermission between the two halves of the game.

He next "claimed interference." Well, he obtained it then and there, for with a mighty effort I gathered the coverings well about me and from the middle of the bed began to roll toward my side, succeeding in baring several parts of Willie's anatomy to the chill November breeze he was so fond of! I felt my successful coup would not go unrevengeed. Again I guessed right. After getting off a string of numbers that for a moment—only a moment, however—made me think he had changed the game to "craps" or was "counting himself to sleep," he announced his intention of "trying for a goal!" Right gladly would I have suffered the irony of wearing metal pajamas just to have that imp of Satan bring up against them and go lame for a month.

Tremblingly I waited. I thought, "I will face the thing bravely"—but I couldn't exactly *face* the thing for obvious reasons, so I resolutely turned my back, surreptitiously getting together a hurriedly improvised padding of loose bed clothes and placing it where I thought it would do the most good.

Suspense! Followed by unintelligible gruntings on Willie's part through which I heard his confounded counting again. I vaguely remembered that his last "tackle" was made at the end of a series of numbers, and I waited patiently the awful moment. Visions of dislocated kidneys, floating ribs and other pathological horrors flitted through my troubled brain.

Mirabile dictu! It came! But it didn't land where it was expected to. Willie overreached and brought up whack against the footboard! A Carlisle Indian after scoring a goal from the field never let forth such a howl. If my milk of human kindness hadn't curdled hours ago, I would have been sorry for the boy. As it was I was inwardly gloating when—Willie woke up!

Arthur Kempton Lane.

IN A CLUB CORNER

BY FRANK PUTNAM

ENTERS the Poet. He hums something that sounds like:

"The sun comes up in the morning."

"I don't know as to that," says the Book Maniac; "possibly it does. Now, as to a Scotch toddy. I hold that—"

"The darkness flees away;"

the poet warbled.

"That's no joke," murmured the staff Humorist.

The dear light glows on the weed and the rose

In kindness all the day."

The Poet swings through these lines in great haste, as one who fears an interruption.

"A Scotch toddy should never be permitted to cool; drink it hot—hot always. Minute the servant puts the glass before you, empty it. Ptomaines creep in and germs germinate in the water wherewith the liquor is adulterated. Every moment of delay, I say, is a deadly hazard of valuable lives. Mr. Kimbark, will you kindly push the bell?"

The Bald Headed Philosopher makes room for the Poet in the semi-circle before the fire. "Nasty night out, isn't it?" he observes pleasantly. "You have a new poem, eh? something sentimental, of course. A lyric. The lyric is the freest note—and the purest. Don't write epics. I wrote an epic once. It was great! I forget now what it was about. Nobody else ever cared to inquire. Some day it will be admired and people will buy the book to put in their libraries. But nobody will read it. O no. We haven't time to read epics to-day. Too many trains to catch. If you want to be read after you are dead—certainly I understand that you *don't* want to be read after you are dead, that you

write solely for the joy of it and are willing to be forgotten if the world is so stupid as to forget you—O yes, I understand that. I used to feel that way. But if you do wish to be remembered, and loved, stick to the lyric—the sentimental lyric. Will you not read to us this new one?"

Conversation ceases. The circle gives attention and the Poet reads:

SONG.

The sun comes up in the morning,
The darkness flees away;
The dear light glows on the weed and the
rose

In kindness all the day.
So hope comes up at the dawning
Of love in my lassie's eyes,
And joy's hues gleam in the rays that
stream
All radiant from the skies.

The fields are fair in the springtime,
When life leaps up anew;
The glad lark wings to heaven and sings
Adieu, old world, adieu!

So, thrilled by the bliss of passion,
I hold thee close, my own,
With never a fear of sorrows near
Nor a care for sorrows flown.

"Hah!" snorted the Doctor, "wait until you begin to get coal bills and gas bills and—"

"Tut! tut! my dear old friend!" All placid reproof is in the Philosopher's voice. "Do not discourage love. Scorn to be a croaker. Rather encourage the young in the way of all ways fairest and best. Do they sometimes fail? Even so, old age would be a dry evening did it lack the fragrance of remembered blisses."

A moment of respectful silence voices the assent of the company to these gentle sentiments.

* * *

"At Resaca," said the Colonel, "I was captain of a company. We were lightly

intrenched. I rose to size up the Johanies' position and a rebel sharpshooter's bullet cut away one of my shoulder straps. Private Brand, from my town, was on my right, peering out at the enemy's line. 'I saw the cuss that laid for you that time, Captain,' he said, 'and I'm going to salivate him;' Brand got up on his knees to sight his weapon. Look out, Brand,' I said to him; 'don't expose yourself too much.' I turned and looked off to the left. McDonnell on my left, says: 'Captain, Brand has been hit.' I whirled around and, sure enough, Brand was dead; a bullet had struck him squarely in the center of the forehead. I noticed that he had fallen backward, his gun, lying across his body. Then I turned again to the left and there was McDonnell dead."

* * *

The Corner Company is interested in a new plan for a special library. The Novelist has suggested the formation of a collection of fifty novels dealing with the heroic struggles of men against other men, against wild beasts, against whatever has called out the vigorous, manly qualities of the race. The club is to be an inner wheel of the Corner; its membership, limited to twelve, is to be made up of men who delight in tales of slaughter and adventure by land and sea. The name of the club is The Berserker. Its library is to include no more than half a hundred volumes. Admission to the library is awarded by an unanimous vote of the club. One objection disqualifies—even though the candidate rejected be Hugo or Scott. The club aims not to give an unfair proportion of space to even the greatest of its favorites, and finds from the outset that a large part of its original collection must be chosen from the works of writers now living and others who were lately here. I say "original collection," because when any member can obtain the suffrages of the club for a new candidate, this volume will displace one of those selected earlier—the victim to be chosen by vote of the club. For example, one of the first duties the club must perform at its next meeting is to find room for Robinson Crusoe. De Foe's greatest of all stories of adventure, was, by some strange oversight,

omitted from all the lists originally submitted. Three members proposed Treasure Island, four were ready to vouch for The White Company, and The Story of Ab, Stanley Waterloo's romance of the stone age, was offered by no less than eight of the dozen members. But no one thought of Crusoe or of The Swiss Family Robinson, and the member who suggested Froissart's Chronicles was pained on hearing that only works of pure romance could be admitted.

* * *

Joaquin Miller was a guest of the Corner a day or two ago. We looked to see him aged by his severe experiences in the Alaskan gold fields. He was slender, erect, a soldierly figure. His eyes were keen and bright, his wit as lancelike as Eugene Field's when the latter was at his best. The Poet hastened to do reverence to the great man. "I salute you," said the youngster; "you are our greatest living poet. With Whitman and Poe you constitute a class in advance of all other American poets."

"Indeed," Mr. Miller replied, willing, apparently, to change the subject.

"Yes," the Poet's eyes shone with reverent ardor—"yes, and I consider your poem on Columbus to be the finest lyric ever written by an American."

Presently Mr. Miller returned to his hotel, and stories told of him were repeated by some of his admirers. Another visitor in the Corner had held a late session with the west slope bard recently. The latter had talked of his experiences in London. There he met and won the friendship of Algernon Charles Swinburne. An American man of letters then in London besought Miller to introduce him to Swinburne. Miller knew of Swinburne's crochety ways and evaded his fellow countryman's request for a time, but finally yielded, and together they called upon the Englishman. They sent up their cards. The servant returned saying he had been instructed to "ask Mr. Miller to come up and tell the other man to go to hell." This appears to prove that lion-hunting in London is quite as hazardous as the same sport in African jungles.

"A young New Yorker was walking down Broadway," said the Philosopher, when he passed Joaquin Miller. The young man lifted his hat and bowed low.

"I do not believe that I recognize you," said Mr. Miller.

"No," the young man replied, "but I recognize you as the greatest living poet."

"Mr. Miller looked at him a minute, then declared with some emphasis: 'My son, I don't know but you are right. By —! I think you *are* right!'"

Chicago paid little heed to Mr. Miller's lectures. Financially they were not successful. Perhaps it was because he was awkwardly advertised. The press announced that he would appear in the garb he wore in Alaska, his overcoat buttons being gold nuggets valued at \$1,500 each. This, it was thought, would interest Chicago, but somehow it did not.

While we were discussing these things the Story Teller suggested that the Twentieth Century Club, representative of Chicago's most cultured wholesale merchants, hotel keepers and pork packers, should have entertained Mr. Miller, as it had recently entertained Hall Caine and Israel Zangwill. "Likely enough," he reflected, "the club had never heard of Mr. Miller."

* * *

At the next meeting of the Corner Company, to be held Thursday of this week the Biologist, the Bachelor and the Blade will read verses,—which they have permitted me to copy—setting forth life as it appears to each from some one of the angles at which he views it. I think I have forgotten to explain before this that none are admitted to the Corner membership except those who have written verses. The Corner, as you may have guessed, is the Poet's Corner. Every member is, has been or hopes to be a "favorite of the muse"—to borrow a phrase from the Poet. Perhaps you ask why, in a "Poet's Corner," we have dubbed one member, "The Poet." This is the reason: All the others are poets, in addition to being something else. The Poet is merely a poet. I guess this sets us right. The Biologist, as I was about to say, declares that all science is vain except as it

tends to better the conditions of human life. He would class all sciences as subdivisions of the science of sociology. The Colonel sometimes asserts that the Biologist is a mere Socialist in a thin disguise of scientific respectability. Maybe his verses will aid you to form a personal judgment on this point:

THE CLOUDS.

In yonder clod's
As much of God's
Imperishable power
As is displayed
In man or maid
Or in the pretty flower.

Pregnant it lies
With what defies
The mind of man to measure.
A future long,
An impulse strong,
Mayhap will teach it pleasure.

Then lightly tread
Upon the head
Of Toil, the clod below you;
So shall it not
In rage begot
Of anguish overthrow you.

* * *

The Bachelor confesses he has a deep strain of sentiment. The Philosopher says it is sentimentality. "Because," he explains, "our friend merely mourns or rhapsodizes, or yearns, and makes no visible effort to possess the object of his yearning. Sentiment is sentimentality in action." The Bachelor has written:

FLOW, RIVER, FLOW.

Flow, river, flow, while autumn's grace
Arrays your banks in robes of gold;
With sad-sweet fancies I retrace
Life's ways to boyhood's trysting place
And feel thy beauty as of old.

'Tis springtime by your borders fair;
Music and perfume fine and sweet
Ascending, blending, thrill the air,
And she, my love, awaits me there
Where sun and shifting shadow meet.

Awaits me? O return, dead years,—

Youth's passionate bliss do thou restore!

* * * Vain, vain, the past no pleading
hears:

I turn and through a mist of tears

Look down the years that lie before.

Flow, river, flow, 'neath winter's sun,

Dreaming of summer as you flow;

Peaceful and glad your waters run:

Gladness and peace till life be done

Your wandering child may never know.

* * *

The Blade is the joy and the grief of the
Corner. We deplore his lapses and we love
him for his quick humanity. But no one
could more aptly characterize him than he
has done in these lines:

Had I the cool inquiring will

To count the cost ere I leapt in,

Sweet Love might I be seeking still—

Might *always* seek and *never* win.

The cost? What heart by passion fired

But hazards all to gain the prize?

I laugh at fears by fools inspired

When dear Love lights my Lady's eyes.

Your shrewd and canny wight who waits

Till Fortune lends him sordid charms,

He cannot know what bliss elates

The young lad in his lassie's arms.

It may be that the wise *are* wise,

But when my bones are streaked with
rust,

The fact I won, not shunned the prize—

That let me mourn, if mourn I must.

* * *

At its next meeting the Corner is to hear
arguments for and against poverty as a fac-
tor in success. The Philosopher will
maintain that poverty is the chief of curses;

that man is emancipating himself from
poverty; that more genius has starved in
silence, unheard of and unsung, than ever
was spurred to noble thought by need.
The Philosopher is older than the Poet,
but the latter will uphold the primary tra-
ditions of his craft with that vigor and logic
he may possess. He has written some lines
with which he will close his argument, and
has permitted me to make a copy of them,
thus:

A song in praise of poverty:

Not grinding want that fills with hate

The belly robbed to glut the great,

Nor slavish toil in mean estate,

But independent poverty.

A song in praise of poverty:

A rusty coat, say you? It hides

A heart as gay as groom's or bride's;

No envious hate therein abides;

A royal robe is poverty.

A song in praise of poverty:

No lands or houses call I mine,

Water at my board flows for wine,

Yet have I many a friendship fine:

A royal grace has poverty.

A song in praise of poverty:

The lass who lies within my arms

Surrendered all her peerless charms

For love and not for bonds or farms:

A royal proof is poverty.

A song in praise of poverty:

The simple joys that I must sieze

Would have no power to pique or please

Had I been born to idle ease:

A royal spur is poverty.

A song in praise of poverty:

The Lord my God was good to me;

Alloting what He would to me,

He gave the best He could to me—

The royal gift of poverty!





"The Battle of the Strong."

IN the very limited number of books that will pass this year for really first class productions in the line of fiction "The Battle of the Strong," must be included, while in dramatic quality it easily leads all others. Mr. Gilbert Parker has the genius of Anthony Hope, with the difference, that he devotes it to recounting possibilities and realities and giving us human beings not too unlike ourselves to enlist our sympathies and draw comparisons. He has a very subtle way of bringing his readers in contact with the strongest as well as the weakest side of his characters, thrusting before us in almost every chapter some forceful living picture of human passions and emotions; in fact, the author touches the emotions in much the same way as the violinist his instrument, sometimes with a light and fleeting touch bringing forth the most tender and pathetic tones, subtly suggestive of sorrow; then again with a strong vigorous manipulation that produces a climax which stirs the heart in other ways. Mr. Parker has the happy faculty of so boldly defining his characters that they stand out like promontories against a cloudless sky.

The scene of the drama, as it is nothing less, is laid on the rock-bound Jersey coast, the inhabitants of which, to this day, are as Norman in their characteristics as they were centuries ago.

The pivotal point on which the story turns is the somewhat hackneyed and well

worn one of a secret marriage and its good or ill effects on every one it touches. The author, has, however, taken so many departures from the ordinary route that he quite succeeds in making us forget to a great extent the antiquity of his selection. His descriptive powers are perhaps restricted too closely to people, but he gives us the characters, and the background somehow fills in to suit the reader. The book is more than ordinarily interesting, and being entirely free from the morbid sensationalism which taints so many novels, is healthful reading to a degree. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Helen Ashley Jones.

With a "Prisoner of Zenda" Flavor.

IF it was Robert Barr's purpose in "Tekla" to give us something akin to the dash and the romanticism that characterized Hope's story, he has succeeded admirably. Not that he has in any way imitated Hope, only he has fallen under the spell of Hope's school and has written accordingly.

The plot worked out in "Tekla" is probably as old as the "Arabian Nights"—perhaps older. We have read before of eastern monarchs who traveled incognito about their domains to investigate the conditions of things among their subjects, and we believe it has occurred once or twice before that these monarchs in their journeys have discovered the humble woman who ultimately becomes their queen. But this plot,

familiar as it may be, never seems to grow tiresome; at least, in "Tekla" it doesn't. Mr. Barr's young emperor, Rodolph, proves to be a most agreeable and gallant gentleman to travel with in fiction, and when he starts out in disguise to travest his kingdom, and on shortly meeting a proud and beautiful girl, changes in the twinkling of an eye from an ambitious young sovereign to a sighing lover, the reader is very properly pleased. But the maid is not to be easily won; and love's campaign which follows is the story that is told. Much of the scene is laid in a gray-turretted castle on the picturesque banks of the Moselle; barons in clanking armor, villains in black-coated treachery, and soldiers, handsome and heroic, fill the stage with a clash of arms and the thrill of adventure. It is all a true romance, spirited and keenly fascinating. Of course, in the end everything comes out as it should—in books. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

"Roden's Corner."

A LONG with some few other books this last year which have touched the popular fancy comes "Roden's Corner." Having passed in serial form through Harper's Magazine it has lost some of its freshness, for a book never seems quite as novel after it has dragged along month by month, with the inevitable, "To be continued," at the very place where we don't want it, but where from experience we have learned to expect it. There are two motives running through the story, the first one being an exceedingly clever treatment of the farcical attempt of some would-be philanthropic London society people to establish a charity for the poor suffering paper makers, their ostentatious bragadocia and their unconscious lending of themselves as mere tools to be handled by a set of unscrupulous rascals being the base of the story on which the lighter parts are built. The other motive seems to be the greed and love of money developed to such an abnormal degree that every noble instinct is warped and every evil propensity and impulse encouraged and nourished "till there can be no other issue but ruin and a dis-

honorable death." The author, Mr. Henry S. Merriman, may have had no other motive in view than the catching of the popular applause, the book having many elements which are sure to launch it forth on many a popular wave and edition. The story, itself, however, seems to lack inspiration and in some respects approaches the commonplace. It deals in addition with a very ugly side of human nature, although the author gives us the final satisfaction for which we feel grateful, of rushing the chief villain into a canal, thereby extricating everybody from a great dilemma. "Roden's Corner" may not be up to the highest standard, but it is unquestionably interesting and ingenious. Published by Harper Brothers.
Helen Ashley Jones.

"The Castle Inn."

IT is something of a far cry from Stanley Weyman's last book, "The Castle Inn," to his earlier ones such as, "The House of the Wolf" and "A Gentleman of France." Is it possible that Mr. Weyman is finding himself unable to advance his standard? It would seem so. Certainly, "The Castle Inn" is not so successful in refreshing the literary palate that of late years has become a trifle jaded with sordid realism, as we found "Under the Red Robe" to be. But then, even Mr. Weyman at his second best, is better than most historical romanticists at their first best. In the present book he has no uncertain grasp of the times with which he deals, and his England of the last century with all its shallow graces and its profound brutality, has received eloquent treatment at his hands. It is true the plot in places is a trifle forced and mechanical, but as a story lightly set in a historic background, it meets all the requirements of a full romantic taste. Published by Longmans Greene & Co.

"I Am the King."

IT is probable that within the past five years we have had thrust upon us at least a thousand historical novels. Of this number all but a very few have been turned out of the same hopper. The general handling of the stories has been almost identically the same; time, place and characters

only have been changed. But of the few, Sheppard Steven's new book, "I Am the King," is one. Over and above the mere historical setting of the story, this book shows a marked literary touch and a distinct charm of style. It is characterized further by a softness of tone, a delicacy of coloring and a warmth of feeling that make it something decidedly more than the regular stereotyped romance. The tale receives its title from a certain obscure but otherwise very gallant knight, who saves the life of Richard of England in the Holy Wars by proclaiming at a time of capture by the Saracens, "I Am the King!" That the book throughout has a fascinating thrill of its own is something that forces itself indelibly upon every reader. Published by Little, Brown & Co.

The Persian Philosopher in a New Guise.

WE have had the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam in editions that have been legion and we have had biographies of the poet himself that have been as numerous as the stars, but Omar as the hero of a romance is something decidedly new. It is Nathan Haskell Dole, a student of the Eastern seer to his finger-tips, that has given us this innovation. Saturated with the Persia of Omar as Mr. Dole is, he had but to summon the necessary fiction accessories and with Omar and Agapé as personages he had the love story which in places has been hinted at in the Rubaiyat. The story is full of secondary interests, told with exceeding animation and character. It continually suggests the translation of a generic romance of an Eastern original, an extraordinary bit of verisimilitude such as only the union of profound learning and ripe imagination could produce. Published by L. C. Page & Co.

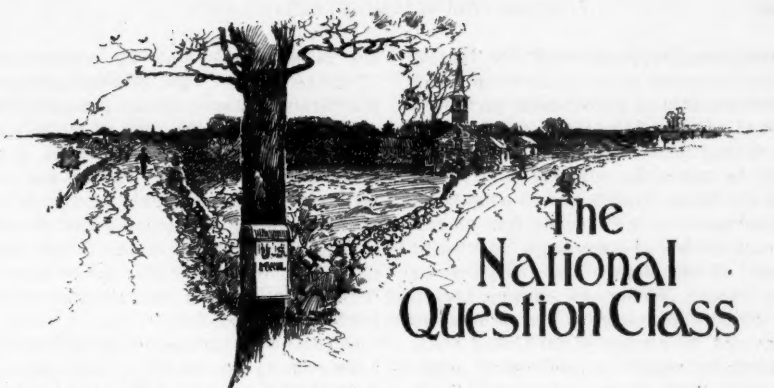
The Honorable Mr. Dooley.

THAT Mr. Dooley is honorable none of his rapidly increasing number of readers will question. He may never have received officially the right to prefix this title to his name, but being a thinking gentleman and a creation, the honor is nevertheless his. And a distinct honor it is, for Mr.

Dooley comes upon us in a garb quite his own. He is neither Chimmie Fadden, nor Artie, nor any of those other serio-smart characters that have crept lately into our fiction, yet he savours a bit of all of them with the added and saving grace of being something of a philosopher. For Mr. Dooley's reflections are unique in every way. He has something to say about Shafter, Dewey, and the rest of the war heroes and his remarks about the conduct of affairs, both in peace and in war, are original to a degree. Certain things he has to say about golf and sundry other foibles of mankind are equally as amusing. Yet he never allows himself to fall into any coarseness of view or vulgarity of expression. Mr. F. P. Dunne, of the Chicago Journal, the creator of Mr. Dooley, may congratulate himself on having furnished thousands of readers with some very intelligible, though slightly original impressions on the recent situations that have confronted this country. Published by Small, Maynard & Co.

Harold Frederic's Stories.

A NUMBER of Harold Frederic's best short stories have been assembled by the Lothrop Publishing Co into a single volume under the title of "The Deserter." The stories concern themselves with incidents from two wars, the Civil War in America, and the troubles of the early eighteenth century in England between the Established Church and the Papists. They are, perhaps, a trifle juvenile in their treatment but that is accounted for in the fact that they were written primarily for boys. This is not a consideration, however, that should keep the book away from adult hands, for Mr. Frederic was too worthy and careful a writer to ever have turned out anything unreadable. On the contrary, we know the truth to be that the late correspondent wrote so little that everything he did produce ought to be most eagerly read. These war stories in the present volume, while they do not show him in anything like the capacity in which we see him in "The Damnation of Theron Ware" or "Gloria Mundi," are still models of their kind and go far towards acquainting us with the breadth of the man.



The National Question Class

Conducted by **MRS. M. D. FRAZAR.**

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE CLASS.

All communications must be addressed to Mrs. M. D. Frazar, National Magazine, Boston, Mass.

Make your answers full and complete. Give name and full address with answers.

To become a member of this class, apply to the magazine for a National Question Class Certificate. You need not be a subscriber.

Answers must be received before the last day of each month.

Every reader of "The National Magazine" should become a member of the Question Class. Our idea is to make this a pleasant and useful method of study.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR DECEMBER.

First Prize: Miss Mary Geneva Rathbun, Mystic, Conn.

Second Prize: Mrs. George G. Cook, 18 West Street, Milford, Mass.

Third Prize: Mary Josephine Dickinson, Box 76, Mystic, Conn.

Fourth Prize: Flora F. Abbott, North Sullivan, Maine.

HONORABLE MENTION.

1. Mrs. D. W. Hakes, Colchester, Conn.
2. Mrs. N. P. Trumbull, Stonington, Conn.

3. Mary A. Washburn, 26 Harrison street, Taunton, Mass.

4. Mr. Calvin S. Locke, Westwood, Mass.

5. Mr. Wm. P. White, Pioneer Press Bld'g., St. Paul, Minn.

Papers of especial merit were sent by: Mrs. A. W. Noble, Paulding, Miss.; J. Whitney, 16 Loomis street, Burlington, Vt.; M. J. Beall, Hutchinson, Kansas; Miss Emily A. Watson, 611 Fifth Ave., New York; Mrs. Frank Springer, 150 Pleasant St., Worcester, Mass.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

On account of a typographical error in the list of questions, there has been some

confusion as to the first one, but many members of the class appreciated that the word "painter" should read "printer."

Literature.

1. (I know of no account of any writer and statesman writing his autobiography, which contained amusing details of his struggles as a painter, but one who wrote about his struggles as a printer was the following) Benjamin Franklin.

2. From the various addresses and publications of Ralph Waldo Emerson may be dated the intellectual movement known as Transcendentalism. This was a reaction against formalism and tradition and brought together a variety of minds. It led to some affectations but was, on the whole, a valuable impulse toward many good things.

3. William Hickling Prescott wrote the history of Ferdinand and Isabella, which quickly carried his name across the ocean to the Old World and this history was at once translated into French, Spanish and German.

4. George Bancroft wrote the History of the United States from the discovery of the continent, which was followed by the second and third volumes, the whole embracing The History of the Colonization of the United States.

He subsequently published *The History of the Formation of the Constitution*, which afterwards formed a constituent part of the revised edition of the complete *History of the United States*.

5. In 1846 at the outbreak of the Mexican war James Russell Lowell published a satiric poem in the Yankee dialect, purporting to have been written by a rustic named Hosea Biglow and edited by the Rev. Homer Wilbur, an amusing pedant, in which the policy of the pro-slavery party and the conduct of the United States government toward an unoffending neighbor were held up to scorn and ridicule. It was apparently a trifle but it had immediate and universal success and from the slight beginning came the *Biglow Papers*, perhaps the highest expression of the poet's genius and beyond doubt the first of modern American satires. It is the soul of New England character with its droll humor and sparkling with its unborrowed wit, but its rare qualities are fully appreciated only by those to whom the rustic life and the dialect are familiar.

Art.

1. Wedgewood Ware, white cameo reliefs, on a blue ground, is so called from the name of the porter, Josiah Wedgewood, who in 1759 established in Burslem a manufactory of ornamental pottery, where he produced the ware since called by his name.

2. Bernard Palissy was a celebrated French potter and enameller, born near Agen (Loire et Garonne) about 1506.

He studied natural history, chemistry and other sciences. He expended many years in experimenting on the art of enamelling stone-ware or pottery, and after great trials and sufferings, at last succeeded. During this period he was converted to the Reformed Religion for which he was arrested and imprisoned. After this he was invited to Paris, employed by the king, and lodged at the Tuileries. By the favor of his noble or royal patrons, he escaped the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572. In 1575 he opened a course of lectures on physics and natural history at Paris. He was the first in France who applied sound methods and demonstrations in explaining the phenom-

ena of nature. Among his works is a "Treatise on the Origin of Fountains and the Nature of Metals, Stones and Salts." He died in the Bastille in 1589, where he was confined for his religious principles.

The pottery which he invented was remarkable for its beautiful glaze, the ornamentation being in very high relief and consisting frequently of models of fish, reptiles, shells or leaves. The art of manufacturing it died with him, all attempts to imitate it having failed.

In some building operations undertaken a few years ago on the site of the Tuileries, Paris, his workshop was discovered, being recognized by fragments and various pieces of enamelled pottery and with figures in relief. Among these was found a large fragment of the dish known as the Baptismal Dish, on account of the subject represented thereon.

In July, 1865, while excavating in a part of the place where the "Salle des Etats" had been built, the workmen discovered, below the level of the surface soil, two ovens for baking pottery, in a tolerably good state of preservation. One contained pieces of those muffles he is said to have invented, which were employed in baking delicate pieces of work; also imprints of various kinds of ornaments, and figures in high relief.

Palissy did not limit himself to the production of small and moderate sized vases for ornamenting buffets, tables and brackets, but raised pottery to the most gigantic proportions in his "rustiques figulines" and ornamented gardens, grottoes, fountains and the halls of stately mansions.

All have perished with the devastation of the buildings in which they stood. A single fragment of a capital, preserved in the Museum at Sevres, proves the truthfulness of the writers of the sixteenth century regarding the monumental creations of the potter of Saintes.

3. The Portland vase was a celebrated ancient Roman glass vase or cinery urn found during the pontificate of Urban VIII. (1623-1644) in a marble sarcophagus (of Alexander Severus it is thought and his mother Mammæa) in the Monte del Grano, near Rome. It was at first deposited in the Barberini Palace at Rome, and hence

it is sometimes called the Barberini vase.

It was bought in 1770 by Sir William Hamilton, and in 1787 by the Portland family, who in 1810, deposited it in the British Museum where it is now shown in the "Gold Room." The ground of the vase is of dark blue glass and the figure subjects which adorn it are cut in cameo style on an outer layer of opaque white glass. The vase was broken by a lunatic in 1845 but the fragments were very skillfully united again. It is ten inches high and is the finest specimen of an ancient cameo cut glass vase known. In the end of the 18th century, Joseah Wedgewood, the famous potter, made fifty (50) copies in fine earthen ware of the Portland vase. One of these now brings \$1000.

4. A beautiful ware called Hispano-Moorish was decorated with a few simple colors and a free use of metallic lustrous glazes. The existing copies of this ware, which are very numerous, date from the earliest years of Moorish occupation in Spain, Sicily and the Balearic Islands. The lustre was made with oxides of copper or silver and varied in tint from a pale lemon yellow to a deep coppery red. From Majorca, Balearic Islands, it was called Majolica.

5. Ceramic Art is the art of making objects of clay or some natural earth, or in the case of soft porcelain of an artificial mixture of earths and minerals, which vessels are made solid and durable by exposing them to a great heat.

Ceramic Art is also the same applied to the objects made of porcelain, stoneware, earthenware, etc.

General.

1. The purchase of Louisiana from Napoleon of France was the most important event of the administration of Thomas Jefferson, third president of the United States. It was sold to the United States in order to prevent it from falling into the hands of Great Britain. The price was \$15,000,000, with a stipulation that the United States assume the claims of its citizens against France (French Spoilation Claims).

2. James Munroe, the fifth president of the United States, in his message of December, 1823, asserted the important principle of foreign policy which forms the

celebrated "Monroe Doctrine" in these terms:

"We owe it, therefore, to candour and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers (European) to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety."

3. Zodiac is the name given by the ancients to an imaginary band extending around the celestial sphere, having as its mesial line the ecliptic or apparent path of the sun. It was fixed at about 16 degrees in width, for the purpose of comprehending the paths of the sun and of the five planets (Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn) which were there known.

The stars in the Zodiac were grouped into twelve constellations, to each of which 30 degrees or one-twelfth of the whole circle was assigned, though it often did not fill up that space, but was only situated in it, and this equable division into signs was of great advantage in defining the positions of the sun and planets at any epoch. The constellations are as follows:

Spring: Aries, (Ram); Taurus, (Bull); Gemini, (Twins).

Summer: Cancer, (Crab); Leo, (Lion); Virgi, (Virgin).

Autumn: Libra, (The Balance); Scorpio, (Scorpion); Sagittarius, (The Archer).

Winter: Capri cornus, (Goat); Aquarius, (The Water-Bearer); Pisces, (The Fishes).

As one half of the ecliptic is to the north and the other to the south of the equator the line of intersection of their planes is a diameter of each, and the two points in which this line meets the celestial sphere are known as the equinoctial points. The comparative immobility, with respect to the ecliptic, of these points, suggested at once the employment of one or the other of them as a point from which to reckon, and accordingly that point at which the sun crosses the equinoctial from south to north was fixed upon and called the first point (or commencement) of Aries.

Neither the Zodiac nor its constellations are of much use now in astronomy, except as like the other constellations, affording an easy, though somewhat fantastic, nomenclature for the stars, and a rude but

sometimes convenient mode of reference to their positions.

4. In 1793 the National Convention of the first French republic decreed that the common era should be abolished in all civil affairs and that a new era should commence from the foundation of the republic Sept. 22, 1792.

The year was to be divided into twelve (12) months of thirty (30) days each, with five complimentary days at the end, which were to be celebrated as festivals and were dedicated to Virtue, Genius, Labour, Opinion, Rewards.

Every fourth or "Olympic" year was to have a sixth complimentary day to be called "revolution day," and every period of our four years was to be called a Franciade.

The first, second and third centurial years, viz., 100, 200, 300 were to be common years, the fourth centurial year—400—was to be a leap year and this was to continue until the fortieth centurial year, 4,000, which was to be a common year. The months were to be divided into three parts of ten days each, called decades. The names of the months were as follows, named according to the chief characteristic of the month:

Vandemaire (Vintage) Sept 22-Oct 21; Brumaire (Foggy), Oct 22-Nov 20; Frimire (Sleety); Nov 21-Dec. 20; Nivose, (Snowy), Dec. 21-June 19; Pluviose, (Rainy), Jan. 20-Feb. 18; Ventose (Windy), Feb. 19-Mar. 20; Germinal (Budding), Mar. 21-Apr. 19; Floreal (Flowery), Apr. 20-May 19; Prairal (Pasture) May 20-June 18; Messidor (Harvest) June 19-July 18; Thermidor (Heat) July 19-Aug. 17; Fructidor (Fruit), Aug. 18-Sept. 16.

By Napoleon's command this new system was abolished and the use of the Gregorian calendar resumed on Jan. 1, 1806.

The Atlantic Ocean is so called either from Mt. Atlas which is near the ocean or from the fabulous island of Atlantis, which was said to have been situated in the Atlantic. An earthquake afterward caused the whole island to sink in the ocean, this is the explanation given of the shallows found

in that part of the ocean, or at least said to be found there.

Mary Geneva Rathbun, Mystic, Connecticut.

FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

1. Who was Horace Walpole?
2. What woman novelist lived and wrote, in England, between the years 1778 and 1840, whose Diary is most interesting?
3. Sir John Moore had a son. What made him famous?
4. Who was the literary and pious woman who wrote much in England, between 1782 and 1819, and what is her best known work?
5. Whose "Travels in Africa," late in the last century attracted universal attention?

Art.

1. What artist was called by the Romans "Our Signor?"
3. What picture now in the Dresden Gallery was painted on a cabinet in the study of Alfonso of Feeno, and who executed it?
4. Who was Paul Veronese?
5. What was the sad story of Andrea del Sorto's life?

General.

1. What city of Spain was once called the "Mother of Virtue, Science and Art?" What interesting fact is connected with one of its convents? Who won an important victory near it?
2. What treasures brought from England are preserved in Tarragona, Spain?
3. What are some of the chief reasons why Haarlem, Holland, is famous?
4. What wonderful event happened at the siege of Leyden, Holland?
5. Aside from its manufacture of artistic pottery, what makes the Dutch city of Delft famous?

PRIZES FOR FEBRUARY.

First Prize: "Gondola Days," by F. Hopkinson Smith.

Second Prize: "The Land of Contrasts," by James Fullarton Muirhead.

Third Prize: "Love in Art," by Mary Knight Potter.

Fourth Prize: "Famous Singers of Today and Yesterday," Henry C. Lahee.

JUST ABOUT OURSELVES

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

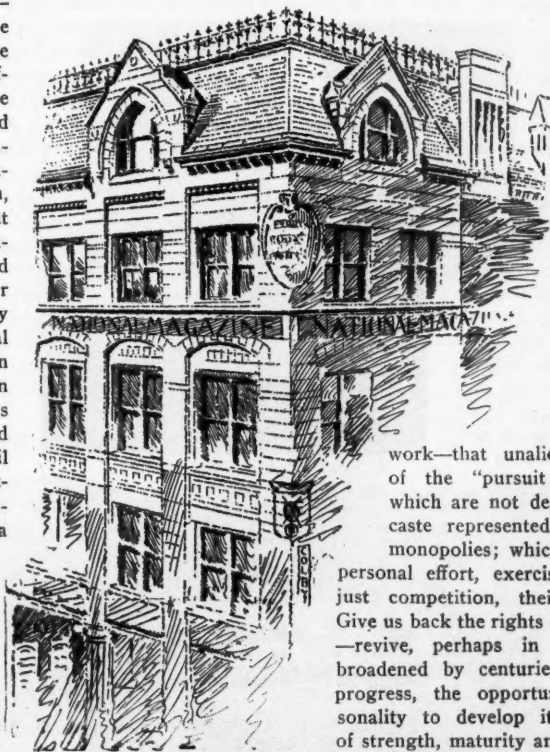


IN contradistinction to a large number of the American periodicals of to-day, "The National Magazine" stands for something besides merely furnishing a collation of literary curiosities and artistic bric-a-brac, or even the high sounding platitudes written under noted names. It has a positive personality, however humble, and the keynote is American individualism, in literature, art, business, society, and musical production,—covering the entire range of human effort. The steady trend toward congested concentration, crushing out all opportunity and chance for the full play of individual effort in American life, presents a lurking and insidious evil which threatens our integrity as a republic. The dangers here presented from within are far more dangerous to our constitutional

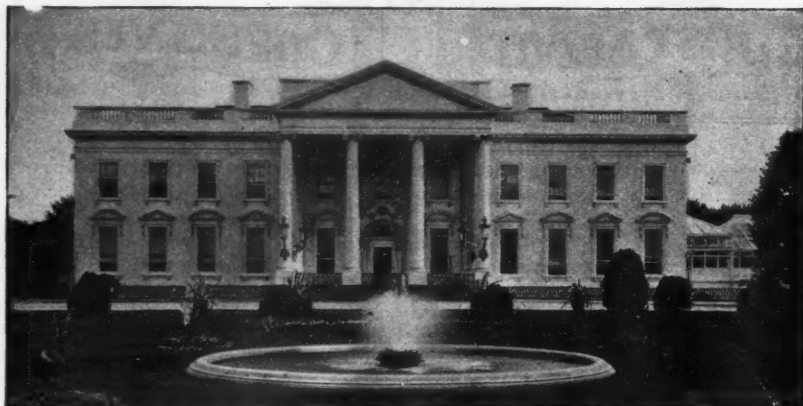
liberties than any imaginary specter of "Imperialism." It is the lack of individual opportunity, now so largely held and controlled by the few heads of great business enterprise which evokes the cry from the masses for expansion, governmental control of franchise, anything rather than internal disintegration of all individual existence, beyond a rational and dependent position, which is held only at the autocratic pleasure of an internal imperialism represented in great and growing trusts. No other American magazine has led in this fight. The conditions are here; we

must confront them in a manly, fair way. This is no time for ranting, but for such sincere discussion and action as will again bring back the basic and fundamental principles of the Declaration of Independence—the right to

work—that unalienable privilege of the "pursuit of happiness" which are not dependent upon a caste represented by trusts and monopolies; which will secure to personal effort, exercised in fair and just competition, their due reward. Give us back the rights of the individual—revive, perhaps in another form, broadened by centuries of intensified progress, the opportunity of a personality to develop its full measure of strength, maturity and happy usefulness. Every member of the staff of



OFFICES, 91 BEDFORD STREET, BOSTON.



VIEW OF THE WHITE HOUSE WHERE THE MCKINLEY OF TODAY RESIDES.

"The National Magazine" from office boy to publisher is impressed with the idea that he has an individuality, which he is expected to reflect in his work. This magazine is directed by no great and impersonal and soulless corporation, but draws upon the best and most earnest effort of every employee and contributor, each of whom knows he will receive hearty and due commendation and individual credit for his labors. Nay more! It is the desire of the publisher that every reader of "The National Magazine" shall draw from its pages not only pleasure and knowledge, but aid in surmounting the difficulties of his daily life, and in doing something in his day and generation to perpetuate and broaden the privileges and liberties bequeathed to us by the founders and defenders of the Republic.

* *

THE legion of readers and advertisers who have been so loyal

to us during the earlier days of our management are entitled to a word of confidence and appreciation in the days of our larger prosperity. The volume of kindly personal letters to the publisher has now reached large proportions and you may rest assured they are still read and appreciated quite as much as ever. The direct and personal intercourse between

subscribers and publisher, we consider an important factor in the splendid success of "The National Magazine" for 1898. Consequently every sub-

scriber has a right to know something of the general work accomplished, for he is a stockholder *de facto*. Our report of the growth of the magazine we know is of interest to our widely extended list of subscribers, which



NORTH OF IRELAND HOME OF THE ANCESTORS OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.



W. W. POTTER,
President W. W. Potter Co.

now includes individuals residing in every state and territory in the Union and is constantly increasing at a rate

care for the steady, unceasing increase of business. The expansion has been slow but positive, reckoned by each



JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE,
Publisher and General Manager.

quite beyond all anticipation. This positive and flattering success, instead of widening the distance which exists to so large an extent between the great incorporated and impersonal periodicals and their regular and transient readers has rather intensified the cordial relations between "The National Magazine" and its subscribers, and we hope never to drift from the moorings where we found these first and staunch friends; but rather to improve and press toward the achievement of ideals and purposes which have been our persistent and insistent inspiration from the start.

Since taking charge of the



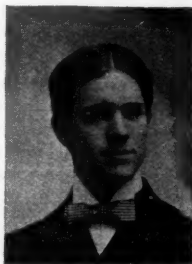
ARTHUR W. TARBELL,
Editor.

day, and each hour always saw something done toward the building up of the magazine.

MR. MCKINLEY RENEWS HIS SUBSCRIPTION.

One of our first new subscribers to enclose a crisp dollar bill for a subscription to "The National Magazine" was William McKinley, president of the United States. The name still appears on our books, paid in advance, one year, addressed to the White House, where we hope it will remain until

March 4, 1905, without change of address. This fact is of special significance to us because this magazine is nothing if not national in its scope and



BENNETT CHAPPLE,
Supt. Circulation Department.



GEO. W. BULL,
Supt. Advertising Dept.



CAROLINE A. POWELL,
Supt. Art Department.



J. E. CLEMENTS,
Supt. Printing Department.

magazine every week has seen an addition to office equipment and clerical help to

purpose, and who could more appropriately head our list than the chief executive?



W. H. STEVENS,
Cashier.

A few weeks ago the publisher was granted an interview with the president. With the highest honors of the greatest nation on earth, or in history, bestowed upon him,

seemed in perfect keeping with President McKinley's genial greeting. The sense of awe with which one approaches the head of a great nation was at once dispelled

when the president's hearty hand grasp was given, and his deep and yet kindly eyes confirmed the welcome. He made us forget that we were addressing the President of the United States, but rather seemed to be a man interested in the everyday and simple affairs of life, and especially in our own. The president sat in a small plain, cane-seated chair with an arm of white wood, at the end of the long, narrow table, with a few type-



ENTRANCES TO THE MAIN OFFICE.

William McKinley remains the same genuine, sympathetic, manly man he has always been. The usual kindly greeting was extended as in the days when he was plain Congressman McKinley. What impressed me most, you ask? It was the man and not the official. The personal esteem in which Mr. McKinley is held cannot be enhanced by any official emolument. He possesses the inherent greatness of a man first, and beyond all else. But I can readily see you want to know more about this visit.

AN AUDIENCE WITH THE PRESIDENT.

It was upon Tuesday, a Cabinet day, that we called. The official cards say "no visitors," but a note on my card stating that I was compelled to return to Boston that afternoon removed the barrier, and Colonel Loeffler, genial and kindly doorkeeper since the days of President Grant, ushered us inside the green door. We followed gratefully appreciative of the honor of the occasion. From the quietude of the lobby on the second floor we went into the President's office, a plain, square room in which was a long, green table covered with books and public documents. The soft winter sun stole through the windows and

written letters piled up neatly in front of him; a thoroughly business-like, methodical man, and yet possessing that superb repose which has nothing of chilling and superficial dignity. On the table were government books on statistics and reports—among which I noted labor and humanitarian publications. On another table in the rear I espied with satisfaction which I could hardly conceal, a copy of "The National Magazine," with other periodicals: "The American Monthly, Review of Reviews," and "The Ladies' Home Journal." In another hour the Cabinet was to meet to discuss the vexed problems growing out of the insurrection in Iloilo; yet while I tried to hasten through our business in a few short sentences the president checked my well meant haste and gave himself up to hearty and cordial relaxation from the cares and worriments of official life.

We briefly stated our errand, and the President as briefly gave his answer after a few questions, and then led off on other subjects, showing how thoroughly in touch he keeps with current affairs, in every part of the world. The hearty "Good-morning" recalled the quiet and serenity of the North

of Ireland home where his ancestry reside, and it could scarcely be realized that this earnest, happy-faced man, was a ruler with more power than the Queen of England and greater dominions than any European potentate.

THE PRESIDENT COMMENTS ON "THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE."

The president took up a recent number of "The National Magazine" and remarked in his kindly way:

"I have read your magazine and watched your career with a great degree of interest."

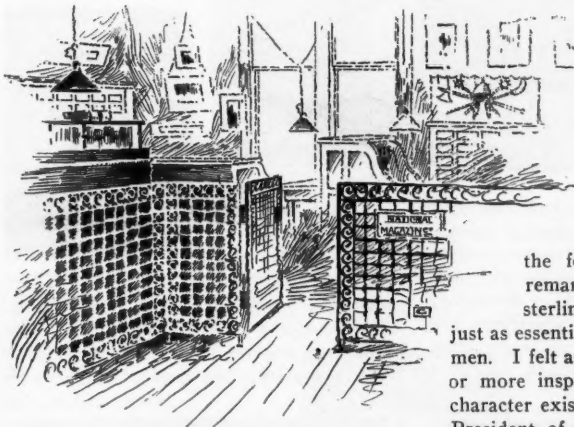
He appeared especially interested in the article on the Lafayette Monument, and remarked that the government for the last six months seemed to have furnished the magazines with plenty of material.

Colonel Loefer entered bringing a verbal personal message from Congressman Dingley, who was then lying near the point of death, thanking the president for his expression of sympathy. The great blue eyes

of the questions now pending from every point of view. He was especially interested in the pictures and reports made by Mr. MacQueen, staff correspondent of "The National Magazine," concerning Porto Rico and Santiago. He recalled incidents of our brief acquaintance years ago which I had never dreamed of his remembering, as relating to a young publisher, and indicating a wonderful memory for names, faces and incidents; for I cannot presume to even intimate, that as one of thousands of young men who met him during the great campaigns I had ever done anything of sufficient moment to impress itself upon his recollection. In the course of our interview President McKinley said with a quiet yet positive conviction:

"It is young men on whom we must depend for the future of our country," a saying pregnant with meaning to the young men of the republic.

He was interested in the story of the growth of "The National Magazine" and especially the splendid success achieved,



THE BUSINESS OFFICE.

grew moist as he sent greetings of love and good cheer to his old friend.

"It would be a great misfortune for the country to lose such a man." There was a gentle sincerity in every word, such as only a man of genuine and strong sympathies could express.

He spoke of the West Indies and the Philippines in a way which indicated that he is making a thorough and careful study

AN INSPIRING MESSAGE TO YOUNG MEN.

"No success," he said, "is really worthy the name without these struggles." I wish I could transmit to every young man in America

the feelings which that quiet remark inspired. Character, sterling Christian integrity is

just as essential to-day as ever to young men. I felt as he spoke that no greater or more inspiring example of such a character existed than Wm. McKinley, President of the United States. After another hearty handshake—such as is

only known to Americans—we passed out and could scarcely realize how rapidly the time had passed. An hour with the President has been ours and we feel that the readers of "The National Magazine" will appreciate the honor conferred and kind words said concerning the publication, for there is no pleasure or honor bestowed upon "The National Magazine" that does not belong individually to each reader.

THE large number of original drawings published in "The National Magazine" has been one thing that has occasioned a great deal of favorable comment. The originals in the offices accumulate very rapidly and indicate that the staff of artists are industrious. When the drawings are all brought out it makes a formidable



VICTOR A. SEARLES.

able art exhibit. In fact the drawings of "The National Magazine" artists have won special distinction in various exhibits—at the Omaha Exposition, Detroit, Michigan, Bridgeport, Connecticut, and various other places where they were awarded honors.

This magazine was the first to combine colors in cover pages, and the complete series of a year constitutes an interesting art collection and those subscribers who desire engravers proofs can secure them by ordering early in the month.

The "National Magazine" staff of artists each have their special field of excellence. Victor A. Searles, covers and historical figures; John W. Kennedy, covers and figures; W. H. Upham, covers, groups and figures; Al-



ALBERT F. SCHMITT.



WALTER L. GREENE.



J. W. KENNEDY.



W. H. UPHAM.



LOUIS F. GRANT.

At the "meetings of the cabinet"—the heads of the various departments of the magazine discuss questions of the future. Every detail is as carefully planned as possible but we are free to confess that no magazine has yet been printed, and possibly



H. W. COLBY.

bert Schmitt, children and figure sketches R. Farrington Elwell, western scenes, horses and animals; Walter L. Greene, covers, headings, and his incomparable landscapes; and F. H.

Colby, in his own sketchy pen and ink architectural and landscape bits. Each of the artists possess a distinct and positive personality which is always apparent in a glance at their work.

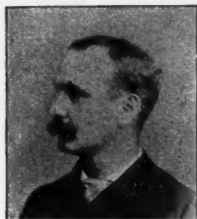
Louis F. Grant, who has been an active member of "The National Magazine" staff of artists, has recently accepted the position of superintendent of the art department of Munsey's Magazine.



R. FARRINGTON ELWELL.

never will be, that comes up to the full measure of excellence desired. As in all other affairs of life, the best laid plans go awry, but the highest mark of excellence is kept aloft as a model, and the subscribers seem

to appreciate these efforts. Each month the artists and the staff contributors who can be present, discuss the number just issued and the one on the



HAYDEN CARRUTH.

mind, and the general and specific policies outlined, followed as closely as possible. The various tastes in American home life are of first importance. One object is to provide articles, sketches and stories that will find favor in the glow of the hearthstone. After all, the home is the great bulwark of the nation, and home subscribers always count.

Since established, "The National Magazine" enjoys the distinction of being the only periodical that has persistently maintained a policy of publishing exclusively the work of American authors. This policy is adhered to for the purpose of giving the



PETER MACQUEEN, M. A.

stocks. In planning and building "The National Magazine" our constituency are kept in

to reflect faithfully the contemporary spirit of the times.

The articles, sketches and stories all embrace this spirit of American life and letters as



FRANK PUTNAM.

the past year, and it is to keep abreast of this march that impels our staff contributors to be on the alert, each one in his own special field. Our readers evidently appreciate this specialized effort if we may judge from their expressions of opinion. We are building not for to-day alone, but for to-morrow as well,



OCTAVE THANET AND HER NEPHEW

and believe that all will agree that no magazine has a more representative corps of staff contributors. Each one has his special field and his particular constituency. What is true of the artists is true also of the contributors. All throw into their work an individuality that is a new, note and a distinctly re-



HELEN ASHLEY JONES.



MARY M. MEARS.

magazine the proper atmosphere that will enable it

refreshing one in this day of corporate absorption.



MRS. M. D. FRAZER.



FRANCIS LYNDE.

who have read his stirring descriptive articles will be pleased to learn that he has been sent by "The National Magazine" to gather the latest and most comprehensive data that can be secured concerning the Philippines. His admirers will be pleased to learn that at least one article, illustrated by photographs taken by himself, will be published exclusively in "The National Magazine" every month during the coming year. He still remains however, one of our editorial staff, and his articles are certain to attract widespread attention. Mr. MacQueen is a born traveler. His famous interview with King George of Greece; his experiences during the Armenian massacres with Clara Barton; his splendid record as staff correspondent of "The National Magazine" during the recent war, his services on the battle-field which won for him one of the two medals awarded by the Rough Riders; his indomitable native pluck and perseverance amply equip him to

PETER MAC-QUEEN, M. A., who served as special staff correspondent of "The National Magazine" during the Spanish war, is now on his way to Manila. Those

contributions to literature during the coming year.

* * *

We give excerpts from a few of the many thousand notes received by the publisher during the past few months. These are opinions expressed in autograph letters from every state in the union, and which we have filed in our letter cabinet. There has been very few articles published in "The National Magazine" during the past year that have not brought a word of comment from some quarter. We have selected a few pungent paragraphs on articles in the January issue, as we can give only the latest returns and rest on no past honors that are not fully sustained month after month.

Verdi's Greeting to America:—"Excellent article—Charming illustrations. A musical article that even the layman can enjoy."

A Heroine of Destiny:—"A mighty good human document."

Our Duty in the Present Crisis:—"Good material, further justifying your use of the name 'National.'"

The "Little Minister" of Maude Adams:—"I perceive that Mr. Tarbell has not, and wisely has not, undertaken to outline the play, but rather has preferred to tell the story of its

presentation, and to suggest its lesson,—in short, to fit it into its place as a part of the general life of the times."

Somewhere within that Sea of Fire:—"This is your strong, breezy, western story—main picture is good of itself but does not gibe with the text, which has the burning trees bow enough to sweep off the top of the



WINTHROP JACKALL.



DALLAS LORE SHARP.



ANNA FARQUHAR.



CAPT. CHAS. W. HALL.

present the most reliable and authentic information concerning the islands which Dewey conquered and holds. Mr. MacQueen is a man of courage and a keen observer, and his observations will be notable con-



WILLIAM JAMESON REID.

because I am a lumberman and have been through forest fires for many years.

Hurdy Gurdys as Tuned by Law:

—Get a copy of the "Rhymes of Ironquill" and read his poem on the street organ grinder. I forget its title, but it is a poem that even lovers of the democratic in music ought to read; you would enjoy it.

The Studio Gas:—Carruth makes artistic Bohemia seem a bit more human—less stilted—than the generality of writers—mostly women who see it from afar or on dress parade. The tale is light and bright enough to be "a palatable flyer for the solid meal" offered by Senator Morgan and the rest.

The Club Corner:—Your Mr. Frank Putnam, the brilliant young Western Poet, has struck a new note. Mr. Putnam swings a free hand and a broad brush and always has a large and an interested audience. Mrs. Frazer's Question Class and Club Women departments are looked for with interest, from the number of question class certificates called for.

The Hoosier Poet at His Old Home:—"We have read your Riley article, and like it better than anything we have ever read in any magazine or paper. Greenfield people feel a little piqued at having been so shamefully misrepresented, as we have been in so many articles where the writers have been trying to show that Riley sprang from nothingness, but we admire your article very much in every way, as it is an

stack. An artist has no more license to be inaccurate than the writer of the text. You should insist upon a closer adherence to the story; which I have enjoyed more than any other ever read,



ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

an honest, sympathetic and intelligent estimate of the great Hoosier Poet."

* * *

"The Dramatic Scenes in Congress" and the various evolutions in our national develop-

ment are to be features to be brought out in illustrated articles which will always appeal to the reader, because of the national and yet personal pride and interest awakened. There is always an interest in new things in our national history, especially when the personal aspect is touched upon. We are always interested in great men, great leaders, and there are many names now almost forgotten which played an important part in our history. The fickle fortune wheel of memory sometimes passes by for several generations the work of men who created history. The revival of these sketches on American historical characters

will not fail to awaken a broader and deeper national patriotism.

* * *

Men and Women of the Bible:—

"Your articles on biblical subjects, as begun in the serial "Christ and His Time," is something that no



W. T. NICHOLS.

other secular magazine has ever attempted, and we look for each issue with as much eager interest as anything ever published. It is wonderful how interesting you make biblical subjects, and the illustrations from famous paintings are an education in themselves."



EMELIE BLACKMORE STAFF.



EBEN E. REXFORD.

A GLIMPSE of the business and editorial offices may be of interest. While there are many thousands—in fact, the largest proportion of our patrons are scattered throughout the country and will never see our offices, we want those who happen in Boston not to fail to call, as the latch string is always out. We take comfort in our pleasant quarters—our home—and the establishment and members of our staff to many have suggested a home and one family, rather than a steel-ribbed and bloodless corporation, which in these days control pretty much everything, except the sun itself. Mr. Colby's sketches have given you some idea of the haunts amid which the ideas of "The National Magazine" are evolved. The location in Boston is central, but always difficult to find, owing to the peculiarly independent way in which Boston streets and numbers defy all attempt at rectangular or mathematical calculation. At the junction of Summer, High,

A NEW DEPARTURE IN ADVERTISING.

"The National Magazine" has met with splendid success in its descriptive advertising, the matter and illustrations in this department always being of unusual interest and value to the advertiser. Advertisements which appear alone in the National and in no other magazine are prepared especially by us, thus giving to our advertising pages a distinctiveness and individual character. There have been numerous instances of new readers observing advertisements in "The National Magazine," and when writing to the advertisers they unconsciously give credit to a magazine with which they were more familiar. The inference was perfectly natural—consequently we desire advertising of a direct and positive personal nature, such as takes hold of the reader and convinces him in a colloquial style and logical argument why he should buy the article advertised. A specialty is made of preparing this class of ad-



SKETCH OF MAIN OFFICES.

Lincoln, South and Devonshire Streets, a historic spot, you are now near at hand—one minute from the new Southern Union Station. This is one building that does not overlook any of the many ancient burying grounds.

vertising and our facilities are not excelled. This advertising is unique and handsomely illustrated with drawings, special designed headings, and in fact represents a department that is interesting and attractive from the reader's standpoint. It serves the pur-

pose of exposition "exhibits." It enables the advertiser to give an exhaustive "demonstration" of the merits of the article such as a small display advertisement will not permit. It gives the reader or customer an acquaintance with article and advertiser, which always begets confidence, and this always means a purchase, sooner or later, in the evolution of barter and exchange.

GROWTH OF ADVERTISING.

Three times within eighteen months, "The National" has been compelled to advance rates to keep them commensurate with the increasing circulation. Of course each advance entailed the task of convincing customers of the increased value and was in many respects as difficult as beginning all over on new business; still there is quite as much a dislike to advance rates on our part as to the advertisers. But through it all we have found staunch and loyal friends who insist that dollar for dollar "The National Magazine" brings as good results and, in many cases better results than other well-known and standard mediums. There is one thing certain, we have the conscientious satisfaction of knowing we have given full value received in every case and the advertising contract is not wholly performed when merely the space has been given. In addition to this we utilize all energy possible to advance the interests of the advertisers in every way. That is why, patient reader, the publisher appeals to you every month to remember your duty towards advertisers; because they have something of value to offer or they would not advertise, and also that it is the advertiser who makes it possible for you to buy "The National Magazine" for ten cents, where it formerly

cost twenty-five. The force and power of advertising and the necessity of publicity in successful business, is now axiomatic.

One of the special features in each issue of "The National Magazine" will be timely illustrated articles from Washington, and terse comment upon the important national problems confronting our law makers. The contributions will be written by the members of the Senate and the House of Representatives, and men who



A CORNER OF THE ART DEPARTMENT.

are prominent. It is intended to have in these articles all the fire and vigor, in fact, the very atmosphere of Congress with all the spirit of speeches delivered on the floor of Congress. These articles are always attractive without the heaviness of the old time quarterly, presenting the best thought that can be secured upon leading questions of national interest.

* * *

From the tenor of over three thousand personal letters received from subscribers the past six months, it is evident that there is a general interest in the growth of the publication. Our subscribers have written criticising as well as commending, and a few excerpts from the letters may be of interest. These letters all have the right tone indicative of a kindly personal interest in "The National Magazine" and the contributors and artists. The praise expressed for the work of the various artists is also a pleasing phase of the correspondence, for the tendency nowadays is to let work pass by in silence, that is appreciated, and only give expression to opinion when moved by impulse to criticise harshly. Criticism in the right spirit can never fail of good results.

"I hear many words of praise for your excellent magazine, to which I add my own cordial appreciation of its excellence."



"In all my life I have never come across a magazine that has pleased me so much. It seems in truth the most complete of all. I can get more satisfaction out of a few minutes with 'The National' than an hour with any other wether it cost 10, 20, 25, or 35 cents a copy."

"The number of magazines is on the increase, but there is room for a good one like 'The National,' which Boston should be proud to claim as its very own. In half-tone reproductions and in make up it is entirely worthy of a city of such literary renown."

"You deserve success for your efforts in giving the public a clean, readable, high toned magazine at such a low price—every family in the country ought to subscribe for it."

"I like your editorials. How do you manage to convey the impression to each and every reader that you are writing to him or her personally? Every paragraph conveys the impression, I am sure. Perhaps it is the candor which is exhilaratingly American or the 'beautiful enthusiasm of youth.'"

"I wish to thank you most gratefully for the enjoyable and interesting reading matter you have put forth in 'The National Magazine.' It comes the nearest to being my ideal of any magazine for the home that I have yet seen."

"It is the best and cleanest magazine of its price on the market now, and I hope that in '99 all the reading public will recognize the fact."

"It is the brightest, breeziest, most attractive ten cents' worth of periodical that has come to this reading table in many a day."

"Your magazine is to-day recognized as one of the best popular priced periodicals published."

"The Club Corner sketches are strikingly odd and unlike any other magazine feature now on record."

"The Confederate article is a strikingly good feature. I submitted it to a Federal officer who was delighted with the idea of hearing from the other side."

"Christ and His Time" serial has been very helpful to the children in the Home, and we all find much in the magazine of real worth and merit."

"I wish to give my most heartfelt thanks for your endeavor to circulate so clear and high-toned a magazine. It is not only a joy but a rest."

"Your last issue conveys the impression of great 'National' prosperity. The book is one we read instead of merely looking over the photographs."

"It is truly refreshing to find articles of such character, as appear in your periodical, in a popular magazine within the reach of every one."

"It certainly is a first class magazine."

When contemplating the cover page of this number it came to my mind that within a few minutes' walk from our office there exists the most tangible reminder of the Father of His Country in existence.

The Boston Athenæum, a private library, owned by a stock company, owns the greater part of the library of Washington.

How I regretted that these volumes did not possess the power of speech! Even at the risk of being called Paul Pry I would have asked of one, "What did he say when

father and mother and under them is Washington's own autograph written when he was thirteen years old. Upon the fly-leaves at the end of the volume, Washington has written his father's name several times.

I raised my eyes from this signature and gazing out of the window saw spread before me the Old Granary Burying Ground. The most noticeable shaft marks the resting place of the parents of Benjamin Franklin. To the right, a white marble



A VIEW OF THE PRESSROOM WHERE "THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE" IS PRINTED.

you were entirely alone with him? Did he give utterance to an occasional 'Good' or 'Fudge,' as he agreed or disagreed with you?" Of another, yes to be frank, of several of them, I would have asked, "Was he always strictly polite? Now on your honor, didn't he yawn once in a while without an I beg your pardon?"

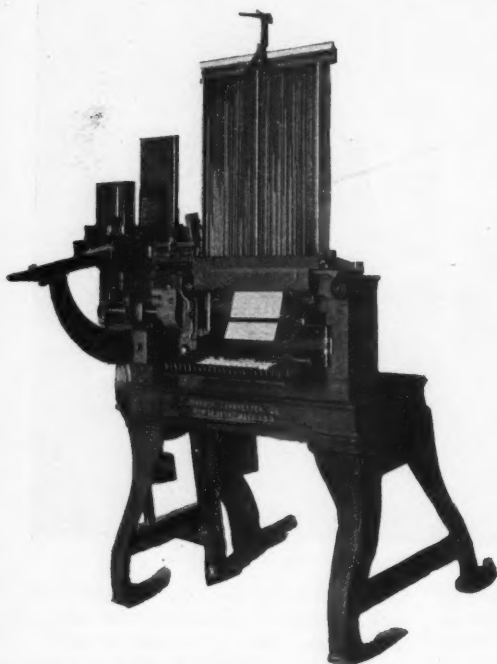
Certainly most of the books bear evidence of having been very carefully perused. Upon the fly-leaf of a book entitled "Short Discourses upon the whole Common-Prayer" there appear the autographs of his

monument bears the name of John Hancock. Others are placed over the ashes of Sam Adams, Paul Revere and James Otis. As my eyes again rested upon the signature I was carried back in imagination to the day it was written. How little Washington dreamed of the glorious path that lay before him or that many years after this volume would find a final resting place in a building overlooking the graves of those, then unknown to him, who were destined to be his co-workers in the foundation of a mighty nation!

THE facilities for printing "The National Magazine" are extensive as well as modern. The illustrations in connection with this article will convey some idea of our equipment. In brief, our printing plant is up-to-date and equal to any within New England's border, and the typographical appearance of "The National Magazine" gives evidence of this fact. The guarantee of good printing is always an important consideration with advertisers.

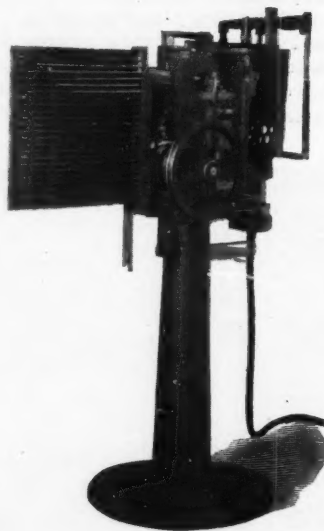
In keeping with the spirit of enterprise and push, characteristic of "The National Magazine," we have the distinction of operating the very first complete Johnson Type-

Not only does it set type, but justifies the lines, thereby saving time and expense. Any length of line desired can be set with it. With the Johnson either leaded or solid matter can be quickly delivered into the galley. This typesetter consists of two



THE JOHNSON TYPE-SETTING MACHINE.

setting machine manufactured on which all type is to be set. It is not only the latest machine invented for setting type but "The National Magazine" is the first periodical to utilize it, realizing that to keep abreast of the times, only the most improved machinery can be used to insure satisfactory typographical production.



THE CASTING MACHINE

machines, one for casting and the other for type-setting. The lines are assembled by operating a keyboard similar to a typewriter. A feature in the operation of this machine is that matter can easily be broken around cuts. Another is that a change from one size or style of type to another can be made quickly. It is simple in mechanism, easy of operation, and is decidedly in advance over any typesetting machine put in the market. "The National"

now has the solid foundation laid for a periodical of the widest national circulation.

ERRATA.

On page 413 of this issue in Dr. Lorimer's article, "The Truce of Christ" occurs a transposition of lines that happened after the magazine forms were on the press. The phrase should read—"especially mothers lovingly thinking of children at home, imagined that they felt a soft hand laid upon their gown, etc., etc."



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THE OLDEST PAPER IN AMERICA

Founded A^d 1728

By

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from an American press. It has been read with interest by millions of Americans in six generations. It first made its appearance when North America had less of an English-speaking population than the city of Philadelphia has to-day; when that city was proud of its 18,000 inhabitants; when there were not more than twenty newspapers throughout the Colonies; when William Penn had been but twelve years in his grave; when George II sat upon the throne of England; when the great Samuel Johnson was still struggling as a Grub Street hack, and when Benjamin Franklin was determined to make his way as editor of the best journal of his time—even if he had only a bowl of porridge for his meal.

In nearly one hundred and seventy years there has been hardly a week—save only while a British Army held Philadelphia, and patriotic printers were in exile—when the paper has not been put to press regularly.

To-day it is published, as it has been for upward of a century and a half, within almost a stone's throw of Franklin's old printery, his home and his haunts; and across the way its editors and printers now look down daily on the ancient churchyard which holds his grave.

When Franklin, at the age of twenty-two, sought employment as a printer, he fell in with a very eccentric character, one Samuel Keimer, who, during Christmas week, 1728, began the publication of a weekly paper under the most pretentious name of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences, and Pennsylvania Gazette. Keimer printed thirty-nine numbers, was unable to obtain more than ninety subscribers for it, and finally sold it for a trifle to Franklin, who, in the meantime, had set up in business for himself. The first number under his direction made its

appearance on October 2, 1729. All of Keimer's elaborate title was dropped except "Pennsylvania Gazette," and under that name it immediately began to interest people by reason of its better type and better press-work, and also by what its editor called his "spirited remarks."

Franklin promised to make the paper "as agreeable and useful an entertainment as the nature of the thing would allow," and he more especially looked upon the paper as "a means of communicating instruction." The only other paper in the city was old William Bradford's Mercury. But Bradford was the postmaster, and Franklin—who thus had difficulty in using the post

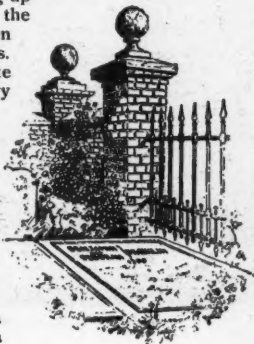
for his papers—had to bribe the riders to take them privately on their routes. He had no hesitation to wheel his white paper through the streets on a wheelbarrow.

Franklin was the foremost of American publishers. No other man who, in his time, wrote for an American newspaper, understood so well the American taste and American homes. His journal was the most enterprising periodical of its day; it was a strong power throughout the Colonies, and his Poor Richard's



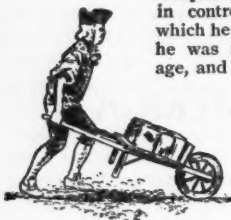
IN THE REAR OF
53 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA

Almanack was hung up every year over the chimney-piece of ten thousand households. He was quick to take advantage of every advance in typography, or every improvement in the mails, and of every new facility for distributing his paper. His capacity for hard work was prodigious, even until he had passed into old age. As a printer, an editor, a



THE 'SATURDAY EVENING POST

publisher, a politician, a scientist, an inventor, a philanthropist and an educator, the amount of work he performed is astonishing, even to this busy century, and all was accomplished while he was still in control of his newspaper, which he did not give up until he was nearly sixty years of age, and was about to enter on his extraordinary career abroad as a philosopher and diplomatist.



Franklin continued to edit the paper until 1765, when it passed into other hands. The title was changed to The Saturday Evening Post in 1821, while it still occupied the old office of The Pennsylvania Gazette—in the rear of 53 Market Street, Philadelphia.

It was printed from the same presses, and the "old Franklin type," as it was called, was preserved. In the Patent Office at Washington may now be found the old hand-press on which Franklin had labored many a day and night, and which was in the press-room of The Saturday Evening Post.

From that time on it gradually brought about a revolution in the weekly journalism of the country. For several years, however, it was still largely local in its character.

Among the early contributors to the Post were Edgar Allen Poe, Mrs. Henry Wood, Edwin Forrest, Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Sigourney, N. P.

Willis, James Parton, G. P. R. James, Harriet Beecher Stowe, James Fenimore Cooper; and indeed there were few American authors in the past two generations that were not represented in its home-like columns. It became an influence which helped strongly to lift up the standard of home life so that it became the Post's tradition that it should never offend Mother, Teacher or Minister.

From 1821 it passed through several ownerships, and in 1897 became the property of the present publishers—The Curtis Publishing Company.



THE FIRST NUMBER PRINTED BY FRANKLIN

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST AS IT IS TO-DAY

A good magazine is a good newspaper in a dress suit. It should have all the brightness, interest, enterprise and variety of the newspaper, with the dignity, refinement and poise of the magazine.

The Saturday Evening Post, the oldest periodical in America is a high-grade illustrated weekly magazine, equal in tone and character to the best of the monthlies. It will give the best stories and general literature, and keep its readers thoroughly abreast of the times. In addition to the best original matter obtainable, the Post will present each week the best in the newspapers, periodicals and books of the world. It will aim to be to contemporary literature what a Salon exhibit is to art, bringing together the choicest bits of literature from all modern sources, and giving them a deserved place together, "on the line."

The program planned for readers of the Post cannot here be more than suggested. It will be progressively revealed in its issues from week to week. Besides its fiction and a strong editorial page, and novel and interesting special articles, some of the regular features may be here commented on, in passing.

Short Stories Nearly one-half of each issue of the Post will be given to fiction.

and Sketches The stories will be selected wholly for their interest, variety and literary value, and not because of the name or fame of the author. Most of them will be written expressly for the Post, while those that are reprinted will be the most fascinating of the tales from all sources. Every story will be fully illustrated by the Post's artists.



THE PRESENT PUBLICATION OFFICE

THE OLDEST PAPER IN AMERICA

The Professor's Daughter

—a story of life in a Rhode Island village—will undoubtedly prove to be the strongest novel of the year. It is written by Miss Anna Farquhar, whose "Inner Experiences of a Cabinet Member's Wife," published recently in The Ladies' Home Journal, caused the sensation of the season by its vivid picturing of life behind the scenes at Washington. The characters are drawn from life, with a wonderful strength and simplicity, and the romance itself is a new one of the sort that holds the interest from beginning to climax.

The illustrations will be unique in character, profuse, and will add immensely to the interest in this great story. They have been drawn by Mr. Henry Hutt, for the most part from life, for the characters are real.

The Best Poems in the World

The poems in this series will be admirably illustrated, and, wherever possible, there will be given a sketch of the life of the poet, with a portrait, and the story of how each poem came to be written. The poems will be selected, not from the standpoint of the ultra-literary man or woman, but for their appeal to lovers of sentiment. They will be poems of the emotions, those that appeal to the heart; poems that tell a story, those that are filled with human interest. They belong to what may be called the "Pocket-book School of Poetry"—those poems that one cuts from a newspaper and carries in the pocket-book till they are worn through at the creases.

American Kings and Their Kingdoms

Will tell the stories of the several greatest money-monarchs of our country—how they acquired and how they retain their power—written by their close acquaintances and personal friends.

The Post's Series of Practical Sermons

By the great preachers of the world; it gives real, personal, non-sectarian help toward better

living and better thinking in every-day life.

Men and Women of the Hour

Is the title of a weekly page that displays at a glance the panorama of people prominently before the public—portraits and paragraphs that tell the week's history among the notables.



MINIATURE OF ILLUSTRATION IN "BEST POEMS" SERIES—"POE'S RAVEN," BY LEYENDECKER

Why We Should Not Expand, By Andrew Carnegie. This is an article that will assuredly command much attention, coming from the pen of one having so wide commercial interests.

Why We Should Expand, By Henry Watterson, the distinguished journalist. A strong argument from a masterly mind and one which will possess much logic.

Reminiscences of Senator J. J. Ingalls

Will be a contribution appealing to the many people who admired this remarkable statesman.

Americans Abroad Will consist of a series of articles telling in a graphic manner the accomplishments of Americans in European countries. The first article in this series will be

American Brains in London, By Robert Barr.
American Society in Paris, By Gertrude Atherton
American Art Life in Rome

By F. Marion Crawford.
American Student Life in Berlin,
By Dr. Andrew D. White.

These articles on American progress in the Old World, will depict the possibilities for the alert American in foreign countries.



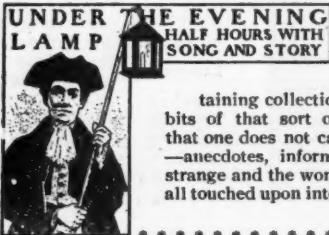
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Passing of the Old Navy Two charming articles on the romance, antique customs and duties of the old trading-vessels, the progress of modern naval science, and how invention has killed much of the poetry of sea life. One of the best American illustrators of marine life is now painting pictures that will accompany this series.

Spirited Remarks A strong editorial page will be one of the features of the Post. It will contain clever, vigorous, striking editorials from an individual point of view, and the best writers have been secured to write regularly for the Post's editorial page.

Not many men are sufficiently qualified to write convincing and logical editorials, and in the selection of its editorial writers, the Post's publishers have endeavored to exercise careful judgment. Following is a partial list of those who will contribute to this important department:

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Dr Robert Ellis Thompson, Amory H. Bradford, D. D., A. C. Wheeler (Nym Crinkle), Hamilton W. Mabie, Maurice Thompson, Charles M. Robinson, Rev. Frank Gunsaulus, Francis W. Halsey, Vance Thompson, John J. Ingalls, Gailiard Hunt, Fred Nye, "Droch," Duffield Osborne, Julian Hawthorne. . .



A page bearing this title gives an enter-

taining collection of short bits of that sort of reading that one does not care to miss—anecdotes, information, the strange and the wonderful are all touched upon interestingly.



The Book of the Week

Will deal with the week's foremost offering from American publishers—an extensive review will be given in many cases, a reading from the book itself, a brief story of the author's life—all fully illustrated.

New Books.

Under which head

is given, not a book-review in the ordinary sense, but a clear summary of the volumes under discussion, often with readings, and not infrequently with original drawings by the Post's artists.

"Public Occurrences" That Are Making History

The aim of this department will be twofold. First, it will give the story of important current events the world over in a condensed form. Second, it will explain and interpret; it will throw light on many puzzling questions, on the meaning and relations of events that come to the general reader. The newspapers do not usually tell the beginnings of national and international troubles; there are usually "missing links" in their stories. These lapses the Post will fill out.

Popular Biographies

The Post will give, in the course of the year, thousands of brief biographies and sketches of men and women prominently before the public, illustrated wherever possible with the writers' photographs.

There is a historical association connected with this paper which appeals to every true American. Not only is it the oldest newspaper published in America, but it possesses unique and distinctive literary and artistic merit, which has placed it in the front rank of weekly publications. We wish every reader of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE to send for a free copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. This is a special request and a special offer, in order that readers of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE may avail themselves of an opportunity to get a free copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, the paper founded by the immortal Benjamin Franklin. Send for a copy to-day.

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